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"LIBERTY, HOLINESS, LOVE."

DAVID REED, PROPRIETOR. BOSTON, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 26, 1848. N. S. FOLSOM, EDITOR.

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PASSAGES FROM FENELON'S SPIRITUAL LETTERS.

[Translated for the Register].

"That peace which is of God, which passeth all understanding, abides permanently only where self-will and self-interest are annihilated. When you are interested in nothing more than in the glory of God and the accomplishment of His holy purposes, then your peace shall be deeper than the depths of the sea, and shall flow on as a mighty stream. Only reserved, divided affections, the hesitation and doubt of an over-anxious heart, can disturb or limit the boundless peace which is founded in God himself. Be not like Lot's wife, who constantly looked back uneasily and distrustfully at what she was leaving behind What you are quitting is neither fit to look back upon nor to hold Let it escape from your remembrance as entirely as from your possession. I beseech of God to make you such as may belong *wholly* to Himself. Woe to those weak, hesitating and narrow souls, who would set limits to the grace of God. God does not reign over a divided empire. His reign must be sovereign and absolute, for no other befits Him. His will must be done on earth as it is done in heaven."

"Fear nothing; you do a great wrong by thus distrusting the goodness of God; He knows what is fit and necessary for you, and what you can bear, better than you do yourself, and will never try you beyond your strength. Fear not, thou faithless soul. We see from experience of our weakness, how little confidence is to be placed in ourselves or our best resolutions. While the zeal which occasionally animates us remains, we feel as if nothing could arrest our progress; yet, after having vowed like St. Peter, "though I should die with thee, yet will I not deny thee," we also end like him by weakly denying our Lord. How weak do we find ourselves to be! But the experience of our own weakness, which takes away from us our presumptuous self-confidence, is as necessary as it is mortifying. A miserable weakness which we feel humbled by, is of more advantage to us than an angelic virtue would be, if we appropriated it to ourselves in self-satisfaction."

"You see by the light of God in your soul what His grace requires of you, but you resist the demand and hence comes your trouble. You begin by saying to yourself, it is impossible for me to do what is required of me;" this is a temptation for despair. Despair of *yourself* as much as you please, but never of God, who is perfect and almighty, and will give unto you according to the measure of your faith. If you will but believe perfectly, all shall be given you, and you will be able to move mountains. If you are faithless and not believing, you will receive nothing, and this will be your own fault. Look at Abraham, hoping beyond all the rules of hope. Listen to Mary,—that which was of all things most incredible was announced to her, and without any hesitation she replies, "be it unto me according to thy word!"—I am greatly occupied with your troubles. No cross is so grievous as the state of mind which in the midst of temptation and danger *resists* instead of *obeying*. Crosses which are borne in pure submission, in humility, simplicity and self-renunciation, unite us to Christ the crucified, and work in us unmeasurable good; but crosses repulsed by self-love and our disobedient wills, remove us far from Christ and dry up the fountains of life within us. I beseech you therefore in the name of God to yield yourself humbly to His will, and without trusting to your own strength which is but as a bruised reed, to acknowledge that all things are possible to Him. God requires of you but one thing, a simple and entire *acquiescence*, given in faith. Comfort me by telling me that you feel this at the bottom of your heart, and you will give me true joy in the midst of my sorrow."

I wish you that heartfelt peace and joy in the Holy Spirit, which may be found in the midst of the severest crosses and temptations of this life. Herein lies the essential difference between the city of Babylon and the city of God, that a dweller in Babylon, though he may be intoxicated by worldly prosperity, still hears within him a voice which says, "this is not enough; I have not yet all that I want, and I do not want all that I have," while the dweller in the holy city bears within him a perpetual "fiat" and "amen." He rejoices even in his sorrows and desires no consolation which God pleases to take away. Ask him what he wishes and he will answer you,—precisely what he has. The present will of God is his daily food. He wills all that God wills, for His sake and through His grace."

"Eager activity in the service of others often arises only from a worldly generosity and a refinement of self-love, self-love which would quickly turn to chagrin and despair if disappointed in its objects. True charity is simple and just towards its neighbour, because humble and forgetful of itself. St. John the Baptist deserves great admiration, for his constant self-forgetfulness in thinking only of Christ; to him he always pointed; he regarded himself only as the voice which should announce the Saviour's coming; to Christ he sent all his own disciples, and it was more on this account than because of his austere and solitary life that our Lord said of him, "Among those that are born of women there is none greater than John the Baptist."

The whole world lies before the ATHEIST like the great Egyptian sphinx of stone, which is half buried in the sand; and the universe is the cold iron mask of the shapeless eternity.

[*Richter.*

CHRIST THE LIVING WORD.

[We take the following from the French Correspondent of the PRESBYTERIAN. It is a sketch of a Sermon by M. Monod, delivered at Paris, accompanied by the remarks of the Correspondent. These remarks, which precede and follow the Sketch in the Letter, we take the liberty to bring together, and put the Sketch by itself. We greatly mistake, if our *clerical* readers especially shall not be deeply gratified with the Sketch. And the remarks of an American clergyman present, whom the Correspondent alludes to, will receive assent—that M. Monod's "Sermon, if he preached in America, would find many hearers there, who would sympathize with him"—and, we add, among Unitarians as well as others.]

REMARKS OF THE PRESBYTERIAN'S CORRESPONDENT.

The living person of Christ has not been sufficiently contemplated in our revival; whence it happens that in general, we have had too doctrinal a tendency, in which opinion has taken precedence of life, and in which, to use a summary expression, there has been more of Christianity than of Christ.

This thought, which at present deeply engages reflecting minds in the orthodox portion of our churches, formed the subject of a Sermon, which the Rev. Adolphe Monod, lately called from the Professor's chair at Montauban, to the pulpit at Paris, delivered yesterday, on preaching for the first time in the principal Reformed church, the Oratory. On the preceding Sabbath, M. A. Monod, preaching in another church, took for his text John xvii. 17: "Thy word is truth." On that occasion, after showing that we must understand by the word of God, the means by which he makes manifest his will to man, until then concealed in his own mind, just as man has intercourse with man by speech, the preacher considered the first form which the word of God assumed, namely, *language*. Thus did the word of testimony originate, which was at first spoken, afterwards written, but which exists, as to us, only under the latter form, *the written word*, and which ought to be the basis [of preaching] to the whole gospel ministry. Yesterday, in a second sermon on the same text, M. Monod considered the second form which the word of God assumes, namely, *life*. "Having become a written word," said he, "by inspiration, it became a living word by incarnation." And this discourse indicates the direction of M. Monod's preaching, and of many evangelical preachers, who participate in his sentiments, especially among our young ministers.

The ideas developed by M. Adolphe Monod, I believe I can affirm, correspond to a want felt by many religious and influential men among us. They have especially affected the pious and intelligent young men, who are preparing for the holy ministry in our colleges But there, as it ordinarily happens with young people, they may readily be carried to excess. To use the language of M. Monod, the Church of the first centuries looked more at the *living* word than at the *written* word; the Reformation looked more, perhaps, at the *written* word than at the *living* word. May we not hope that our revival, in consequence of the crisis which now agitates it, will be privileged to reconcile in a happy manner both of these tendencies, strengthening the one by the other, and to show itself equally faithful in its doctrine, and spiritual in its dispositions, faithful without dogmatism, and spiritual without mysticism! An American minister, who heard M. Monod, assured me that his sermon, if he preached in America, would find many hearers there, who would sympathize with him. From this, it would seem that the need is felt every where of *a revival within the revival*. May it please the Lord, whose Spirit breathes throughout His whole Church, to teach us himself to hold fast *that which is good*, and to aim at that which is better.—

SKETCH OF REV. A. MONOD'S SERMON ON CHRIST THE LIVING WORD.

The written word is the testified truth; the living word, Jesus Christ, is the absolute truth. The first, by which God reveals himself, is to the second, in which he gives himself, as language is to life. The one says: "He that rejecteth this, rejecteth not man, but God;" but the other saith: "He who hath seen me, hath seen my Father." It is true; we have not seen Christ in the flesh. But the Holy Spirit confers what is still better, (John xvi. 6;) for the Holy Spirit is no other than Christ returning under a new form, which permits him to unite himself to the depths of our being by the depths of his own; and in place of the Lord *near* us, we have the Lord *in* us. (John xvi. 17.)

If therefore the written word is the basis of Christian preaching, the living word is the matter of it; and the power of the Christian life consists in the contemplation of the living person of the Saviour.

The most complete example of this personal contemplation of the Saviour is given us by John. This apostle occupies less space in *the New Testament* than Paul; but he occupies a larger space in *the field of inspiration*; for, in his three larger books, he embraces the three great periods of the kingdom of God; the preparatory kingdom, or the historical Christ, in his gospel; the provisional kingdom, or the spiritual Christ, in his first epistle; and the definitive kingdom, or the coming Christ, in his Apocalypse; while the inspiration of Paul moves only within the preparatory or intermediate kingdom of God, (the Church.) Now, the distinguishing feature of John's manner, in each of these three books, is the personal contemplation of Jesus Christ, whom he alone has clearly revealed under his name of *Logos*, or WORD, which he gives him in each of these books.

This characteristic, is very perceptible in the Apocalypse, in which the apostle has Christ constantly in sight. It is so also in his first Epistle, in which he exhibits himself under three traits; as the apostle of the person of Christ, as the apostle of the Holy Spirit, and as the apostle of love; but these last two traits are connected with the first. But it is especially in the gospel of John that we find the characteristic which is under consideration; instead of analyzing the idea of Christianity, the evangelist contemplates the person of Christ. He sees all concentrated in that indivisible person: doctrine, morals, history, truth, life, God entire and perfect. With him every thing takes this personal complexion. It is with John that we must go in quest of Jesus giving his flesh and blood for food, Jesus weeping, Jesus bequeathing his mother to his disciple, Jesus coming by water and by blood, emblems of the two sacraments. It is John who has all these illustrious definitions of Jesus Christ: "I am the Light," "I am the Life," &c., summed up in this saying: "It is I," or "I am," (John viii. 24.) It is John also who has spoken the most concerning the Holy Spirit, who gives us Christ living in us. Moreover, none was nearer the heart of Jesus than John; and antiquity has bestowed on him the name of *Theologian*, which our revival, or the Reformation, would rather have conferred on Paul.

It is not for us to choose between God's inspired instruments. They are of equal authority, and to each God has appointed his task. But, perhaps, it must enter into the design of God, that the religious awakening in our days, after having been thoroughly steeped in the strong and lucid doctrine of Paul, which was above all necessary to preserve us from mysticism, may now be nourished particularly by John, which will save us from dogmatism. Let us make it a point to present not only the Christians ystem (*idee*) but also the living person of Christ; and whatever subject we handle, let us handle it in Christ—doctrine, morals, apologetics, &c. By this method our Christianity will be, not a system, but a life; and placed in the very centre of truth, we shall not have to fear that the moral equilibrium may be destroyed.

This is particularly necessary at present. For our revival, which has been exemplary for respect to the *written word*, and defence of the Protestant principle (insomuch that a Christian thinker has called our epoch *the era of the Bible*,) has given less attention to the *living word*, and been less engrossed with the personal contemplation of the Saviour. The doctrine of the Holy Spirit also has been much less studied than that of the Father, and that of the Son. From this, result certain deficiencies in our revival, which cannot be filled up but by a more practical (*vivante*) view-point of the gospel of life. First, as for the individual, we lack spiritual life properly so called, the revival having been somewhat too dogmatical. Secondly, as for the church, we lack brotherly union among the children of God, secondary things having taken the place which belongs only to the fundamental. Thirdly, as for the world, we have neglected to present the gospel under that exalted form, which at once corresponds to all the human faculties—the understanding, the heart and the conscience. Now, all that has been lacking to us in this three-fold respect, we shall find in the living and personal contemplation of Christ, through the Holy Spirit.

CHALMERS.

[The following interesting incidents in the life of Chalmers, are from the Southern Presbyterian Review.]

We cannot realize the change in Dr. Chalmers, better than by perusing the following extract from his first publication,—long since out of print—in which he repelled the opinion of Professor Playfair, that clergymen had not time to become adepts in science. It is plain from the whole tone and bearing of this first pamphlet that when it was written and published Chalmers had no notion that any distinction he might attain to in the world would ever be derived from, or connected with, his clerical character.

"'The author of this pamphlet,'—Chalmers here writes with the honesty and intrepidity which were part of his being,—'the author of this pamphlet can assert from what to him is the highest of all authority, the authority of his own experience, that, after the satisfactory discharge of his parish duties, a minister may enjoy five days in the week of uninterrupted leisure, for the prosecution of any science in which his taste may dispose him to engage. In as far, then, as the command of time is concerned, it will be difficult to find a situation in the country more favorable to the free and uninterrupted exercises of the understanding. Mr. Playfair may smile contempt when I say that a clergyman is more favorably situated for the successful prosecution of the mathematics than a mathematical professor. For one half of the year the professor has three different classes to attend to, and we apprehend that the fatigues and the preparations of teaching will be found to leave little time and less energy for those higher exercises of his mind which are to add to the stock of his information, and to raise him above the level of his present acquirements. A minister has five days in the week for his own free and independent exertions.'

"And then he expatiates for a couple of pages more upon the 'almost no consumption of intellectual effort' which there is in the peculiar employments of a parish minister."

Subsequently to this period, Dr. Chalmers was so far smitten with the warlike spirit that prevailed as to enrol in a volunteer corps, and a very curious anecdote is told of the astonishment created on one occasion, by his rapid transition from his clerical to his military character, on a Sabbath day.

Such was Chalmers in his spiritual character at the age of twenty-five, and as the minister of Kilmany.

Twenty years after this, when at the height of his influence as an evangelical leader, he was twitted in the General Assembly with a reference to his former views and habits. "It was," says Mr. Mackenzie, "in a debate on the question of pluralities, or union of a pastoral charge with an academical chair, in the General Assembly of May, 1825, in which Dr. Chalmers warmly espoused the negative side, that a clergyman of the opposite party, in order to convict him of inconsistency, charged him with the authorship of this pamphlet, and quoted the above, along with other sentences from it. Every eye in the crowded house and overflowing gallery was fixed upon Dr. Chalmers, who sat unmoved till his assailant had concluded his harangue. As soon as he had ended, he arose, and for a few moments the silence or intense expectation suspended the gazing audience. In his reply, which was instant and overwhelming, Dr. Chalmers acknowledged that it was his own production; and after explaining the circumstances which had called it forth, he said in reference to the sentiment therein expressed, "Alas! sir, so I thought in my ignorance and pride. I have now no reserve in declaring that the sentiment was wrong, and that in giving utterance to it I penned what was most outrageously wrong. Strangely blinded that I was! What, sir, is the object of mathematical science? Magnitude, and the proportions of magnitude. But, then sir, I had forgotten two magnitudes. I thought not of the littleness of time, I recklessly thought not of the greatness of eternity!"

"It was," says the writer in Fraser's Magazine, "humbly yet profoundly spoken, for the speaker felt, while the words fell from his lips, that he was acquitting himself nobly, and lifting himself to an immeasurable height, even while thus assuming the tone and attitude of sorrow and self condemnation, above his humiliated assailant. We never witnessed any effect of eloquence like that produced by those few solemn sentences, thus firmly and dignifiedly pronounced, in circumstances that would have covered most men with abashment and confusion. They were followed by an universal storm of applause, in the midst of which the ashamed and mortified blunderer, whose vulgar abuse had been so manfully encountered and so splendidly repelled, endeavored in vain to make himself heard, even in apology for his luckless onset. His voice, repeatedly raised, was as often drowned in an outcry of aversion and disgust."

NATIONAL RETRIBUTION.

[From the Rev. Mr Shackford's Lecture.]

According to the laws of God's Providence, by which those influences successively proceed, adapted to the state of a nation, we are now entering into that phase of external and material evils, in which every violation of the law of love and right must ultimate and complete itself.

We are beginning to witness the effects; a degraded moral sentiment, a lust of power, a devotion to mere party good, a generation trained in the atmosphere of carnage and military glory; a standing army large as the despots of Europe; a flow of specie to a foreign land; an increasing public debt, the consolidation of power, in the hands of the Executive: the exaltation of warlike chiefs to places of civil power, and political partisans to military rank; the decline of public credit; the difficulties of financial embarrassment; the imposition of taxes; an increased frontier to protect from savage inroads; and the seemingly inevitable necessity of furthering the extension of human slavery.

The false and foolish idea that slavery is or ever has been profitable to the North, seems about to be met by the Providence of God, revealing in loss and disgrace, in far spreading ruin and failure, that a violence of nature's law of justice, must suffer its just reward.

It is thus permitted that the success of evil shall be its punishment. And instead of triumphing, could we see aright, we might as true patriots, rather he called upon to mourn, at every victory that has been won upon a foreign soil.

We are but just entering upon that state of retribution, which is not arbitrarily induced, but advances step by step, through the instrumentality of blinded and willing agents. One yawning gulf after another opens before, so gradually, so imperceptibly, that the rash and thoughtless know their danger, only when danger has become a dreadful reality.

With the existence of slavery in our country as a controlling power; with a standing army, a military spirit among the nation, and an ambitious demagogue to play upon the passions of the people; with the false notions of patriotism that now prevail; with the doctrine that once engaged in a war, no matter for what cause, or how brought about, every lover of his country must aid the Executive in prosecuting it to the end, according to his direction,—a war, with some of the old nations of the world, is as certain as the law of gravitation in the physical universe. But in whatever form retribution comes, whether war with England, or among ourselves, it matters not; sufficient that it *has* always come, and *must* come continually, if there is a God. We do not believe this, till it comes upon us, but this does not alter the facts.

Who, ten years ago, would have believed what is now *the fact?* Who would not have said to him who should have declared the history, words or word, event for event, vote for vote, and battle for battle—who would not have said, "What, is this nation a dog! It cannot so soon become corrupted by the false maxims of despotic governments; it cannot so render itself the reproach of the humanity and true civilization of the world.

But so it is. In this age of improvement, and of lofty ideas, when everything seemed looking to the blessings of peace and a higher civilization; when lovers of their race were seeking how they might break down the barriers of national antipathy, and spread the blessings of peace, and cement the bonds of a universal brotherhood: when the principles of cooperation and love were beginning to obtain a place in the hearts of the rising generation; when Christianity, in its practical truths seemed about to descend into the lives of men, and shed abroad its healing and ennobled influences, we find ourselves engaged in a foreign war, the end of which no one can discern.

Its consequences, now beginning to be felt, will cast a long shadow upon our future, even if peace were now established. Its burdens must fall eventually on the people, the toiling husbandman, the laborers for wages, the mechanic, the artizan, those who work for their daily bread, and earn that bread by the sweat of manly brows, and the weariness of female hands; upon these must fall, at last, the heavy burden. Out of the free labor of the North must come the means to pay these heavy debts. Hand and foot are we bound to serve our masters, unless the soul of freedom once more comes to dwell among us, and her angel wings fan us, and wake us from our drowsy sleep.

It *is* a glorious thought that the all-merciful Creator overrules for good the sins and errors of his creatures, and in his all-embracing love, makes the very wrath of man to minister to his praise. Glorious vision, to look back upon the wrecks of ambition, passion, crime, and folly, and behold over them all, and through them all, advancing the cause of humanity and love. Inspiring hope in the future, in spite of the present and injustice that in spite of all that wickedness can do,—the intrigues of the selfish, the corrupt ambition of the demagogue, the pliancy of the thoughtless, and the stubbornness of the selfwilled,—in spite of all, truth and justice and love shall triumph, because these are of God, and the kingdom of God shall come!

"Nevertheless, O sinner, harden not thine heart in evil; Nor plume thee in imaginary triumph because thou art not as valorous as vile;
Because thy dark abominations add lustre to the Clarity of Light;
Because a wonder-working alchemy draineth elixir out of poisons;
Because the same fiery volcano that scorcheth and ravageth a continent,
Hath in the broad blue bay cast up some petty island;
For sin is still sin; a blot on the glory of creation,
Which justice must wipe out.
Sin is a loathsome leprosy, fretting the white robes of innocence;
A rottenness, eating out the heart of the royal cedars of Lebanon;
A rent in the sacred veil, whereby God left his temple;
Therefore, consider thyself, thou that dost not sorrow for thy guilt."

[The fine humor, the Catholic tone, the shrewd good sense of the following article, will doubtless be appreciated. It seems to have been considered rather too free by some of the readers of the Watchman, one of whom writes a few strictures over the signature of "C." A reply from ISRAEL OLDEN appears in the last week's Watchman; and as it is too good to be omitted, and is on the same general subject of the first article, we append it to that, with a title not exactly appropriate—of POSTSCRIPT.]

TWEEDLEDUM AND TWEEDLEDEE.

[From Israel Olden in the Christian Watchman.]

It has been commonly supposed, friend reader, that the difference between the two words, which stand at the head of this writing, is rather small—so small that he must needs have sharp optics who can discern it, and he sharper still, who can perceive any great use in it when discerned. I shall not quarrel with this opinion, being a man of peace, but shall proceed to tell my story, and, (as the preachers say) improve the subject.

Once on a time, there flourished a smart little village under the somewhat strange appellation of Sticklerville. How it came by this name, I know not; but so it was called, and the name was not altogether inexpressive of the character of its inhabitants, as you may gather from my narrative. Mankind are at bottom, pretty much the same, the world over. Now this observation is a real labor-saving machine. It will save me the labor of writing, and you, reader, the labor of reading, it may be a page of description. By virtue of it, I need only say that Sticklerville, its name and character notwithstanding, was pretty much like any other village. It had its share of married and single persons, of courtships and quarrels, of gossips and tattlers, of lawyers, doctors, ministers and churches. These last watched over each other,—not always in love, exactly, but with considerable sharp-sightedness, and an exemplary promptness to improve to their own advantage, any mismove which one or another of them might happen to make.

People, you are aware, will sometimes quarrel about very strange things,—very small things, —things which in no way really concern them; and not unfrequently, the more trifling the affair, the fiercer the contention. It will occasion thee no surprise then, reader, to hear that a most furious quarrel broke out in Sticklerville, making sad work with peace and quiet, with love and forbearance and brotherly kindness. Indeed, these gentle beings were turned quite out of doors, and trampled down in the streets.

Now what was the occasion of this raging of passions, this storm of hard names and bitter accusations, that blew in our flourishing village! Some election, thou thinkest, or the dismissing of an old pastor and the settling of a new one, or the arrival of a new doctor, or the laying out of a new road or some such matter. No such thing—thou art wide of the mark. The question came up one evening in a large company, whether there were any real difference between tweedledum and tweedledee,—a most perilous question for such a place as Sticklerville. One rather practical old gentleman happened to observe, that for his part, he could see none. Immediately two or three, rather noted for their hair-splitting propensities, expressed in somewhat plain terms their astonishment at such an assertion. Some at once joined with the first speaker, partly through love of debate, and partly through dislike of those whom they opposed.

"How great a matter a little fire kindleth," especially in the midst of combustibles. In less than an hour, the whole company was in a perfect glow, and in less than a week, all Sticklerville was in a blaze. And how this fire did burn! From house to house the flames of controversy went, crackling and roaring and devouring everything good in their path. Tweedledum and tweedledee were in every body's mouth—the theme of every social gathering—the echo of every street. They slipped into the doctor's prescription, into the lawyer's brief, into the minister's sermons, and into the church records. The school master gave out tweedledum to spell, by mistake, and the boy whose father opposed the school master in the controversy, with an air of defiance spelled tweedledee. The squire in a warrant, made out an arrest for one Tweedledum, and a lady in answering in writing, an offer for her hand, actually directed the epistle to Mr. Tweedledee. In short, to such a pass did things come, that the very social existence of the village seemed on the verge of destruction.

At length it was agreed that a public meeting be held, in which this vexed question should be discussed, with a view to the settlement, if possible, of the unhappy controversy. The day was appointed—the meeting was held—all sorts and sizes were there. The ministers, lawyers, doctors, and school masters were of course the chief speakers on the occasion. All that was said, I cannot now relate. I cannot, however, omit the address of Parson Whittle, a clergyman of stringent orthodoxy, noted for the abundance of his doctrinal preaching, and his exemplary zeal for—his own church. He commenced by saying, that he considered this one of the most important questions that ever came before the mind of man—that our interests here and hereafter were involved in it. He considered it as affecting the very existence of society. He could not see, if the opinion which he had heard expressed on this question were allowed to prevail, how life and property could be secure, how the social fabric could hold together, how law and order could be maintained; in short, that confusion and anarchy must ensue, the very race of man become extinct, and chaos resume its reign. His hair, he observed, had stood on end with horror, as he had contemplated the awful consequences which must result from wrong views on this momentous subject. To say that there was no difference between tweedledum and tweedledee, was to confound things that differed quite materially, in a manner truly alarming. He who could see no distinction between these terms, was to be feared as one destitute not only of intellectual, but of moral vision—as one who might not be able to see the difference between what was his own, and what was another's, and if such a state of opinion and feeling should get to be universal, what must become of us! To see no difference here—why, it argued a state of depravity, of which he had never before possessed any conception—a state, he had almost said, beyond the reach of grace itself. It is true, the words looked alike, and sounded alike, and by a careless observer or hearer, might be easily mistaken the one for the other; but they were not alike. It is true, Dimond letters as the other, but still he would maintain, at the stake, that they were not alike—with his last breath he would aver it. It must be plain to any one not utterly blinded, that a *u* is not an *e*, nor is an *m* an *e*, and therefore *um* cannot be *ee*. Do these look alike! do these sound alike! is there any point of resemblance between them! No difference here! Saints and angels! heard ye ever aught like this? How long the heavens would restrain their indignation, when such monstrous perversions were allowed to go unchecked, he could not tell. He hoped the magistrates would do their duty, and take immediate measures to check the spread of an evil, which threatened the destruction of morality and religion and of all that is fair and good. He sat down amid loud applauses, from a portion of the assembly. He had evidently made quite an impression on all.

The lawyers, after much consultation, agreed that if a man's name were Tweedledum, Tweedledee could not stand for it in law. The doctors came in to the conclusion that if tweedledum were arsenic, and tweedledee cream of tartar, a mistake in a prescription might do some harm. One schoolmaster said, that if he gave a boy tweedledum to spell, he should not like to hear him spell tweedledee. In fine, the assembly seemed to be getting toward an agreement that there might be some small difference between the terms. There were those who maintained that if difference there were, it did not amount to any thing at all, and there were others who had taken but little part in the controversy, (few in number,) who ventured to suggest, that the difference, whatever it was, might be of no *practical* utility, and was, perhaps, scarcely worth quarreling about.

These last suggestions were not without effect. At length, after much stormy debate, weariness and good nature appeared to be coming over the assembly. Old friends who had parted began to look on each other with yearning hearts. The spirit of concession began to work, and at last, the following resolutions were carried almost by acclamation.

Resolved, 1. That it is the sense of this meeting, that there is a difference between tweedledum and tweedledee.

2, That this difference is of no practical utility whatever, the words themselves having no acknowledged signification.

3, That this assembly do now adjourn.

Forthwith the house was emptied—hands were shaken—and people appeared satisfied, except a few old Sticklervillonians, among whom was parson Whittle, who went home complaining of the laxity of the times.

This is my story, friend reader. I know not what thou mayest think of it. Strange, wild,—nay, stop—thou art out,—clean out in this supposition. The world's history,—the church's history, is as strange as my story,—ay, stranger too. The world, reader, is full of sticklers. The church is full of them. As I look on Christendom sometimes, it seems one large Sticklerville. Dost thou live in it? Here are *ites*, and *isms*, and *onians*, and *inans*, and *ists*, and what not, and, in many cases, it is but a tweedledum and tweedledee contest, after all, between them. A great many questions, which have occupied the attention of the wise and learned, (those reported so) which have led to bickering and strife, —ay, to war and bloodshed, have not been worth one straw to mankind. People have often been made to believe the most important consequences to attach to differences, so small, in reality, as to require a sort of intellectual solar microscope in order to be discerned, or so subtle as to admit no more of being grasped than quicksilver. Many, who, "like kindred drops, had mingled into one," have been made enemies to each other by the interposition of some miserable little point not worth a rush.

Is it not too bad, friend reader, that so many good people should have been together by the ears, about matters of no more importance than the question, whether the tail of Mahomet's horse were white or black—especially, when there was so much for them to do together towards making the world wiser and better! One might sometimes be almost disposed to conclude that *grace*, as it is called, is not so good as *nature*; for some who seemed kindly toward each other, and disposed to act like good neighbors and gentlemen, without a religious profession, on becoming religious, forthwith became possessed of a spirit of bitterness. Uniting with different religious denominations, they often come under the influence of some tweedledum controversy, and get their full share of the *odium theologicum*. But *true* religion is love, and never yet made any man less kind and less of a true gentleman than he was without it. The *odium theologicum* is no part of it, though some seem to reckon it as first among the Christian virtues.

The whole continent of Europe was once like our Sticklerville. It was embroiled through one these tweedledum questions. Burning and bloodshed followed. And what, thinkest thou, was the question? No less than this,—listen—Whether there is in nature any thing *real* corresponding to a general idea, or whether any thing is universal but words or names! There —think of that—which side do you take! You laugh. But then, I tell you, that philosophers wrangled, kings and knights fought, and churchmen anathematized each other, over this question. At it they went, bell, book, and candle, fire and faggot, spear and lance. John Huss was a Realist, and was burnt on one side of this question. John de Wesalia was a Nominalist, and was burnt on the other. Think of it—burning a man on such a question!

There were Toplady and Wesley, too, both good men at heart. How they wrangled, what hard names they flung at each other, what outrageous consequences they imputed to each other's systems. What a dust they raised over God's foreknowldge and decrees, the perseverance of the saints and free agency. Did they help to settle the vexed questions between them! Not a whit. As engaged in by them, it was a tweedledum contest. Look at them in the hymn book. There they are, side by side, most lovingly (as they are now in heaven) breathing, each in his way, the sweetest strains of poetry—the same religious spirit,—worshipping the same Father,—yielding homage to the same Redeemer,—invoking the same Spirit.—What in the name of goodness, was there to quarrel about!

Here are a number of good men together, They sing together, pray together, do good together. Something is said about election, predestination, regeneration, or some such matter, and straight they are by the ears. They turn sticklers at once. I am no enemy to the study of systematic theology. I should like the very best system for myself. I feel though sometimes, as if I would scarcely give a fig for a choice between most of the systems which have been presented before the world. Real goodness has lived and flourished under almost every system. The truth is, if a man has the true spirit of the gospel in him, he will live like a Christian under almost any scheme of theology, and if he has not, it will make but little difference what system he adopts. I would rather be a good Arminian, or a good anything, than a bad Calvinist, and I would quite as soon be called after one of these names as the other. Arminius was certainly as good a man as Calvin, and the real difference between them is, in my judgement, not remarkably great. They were both fallible men, and so are all other system makers. Thank God, the New Testament [illegible] about the tweedledums and tweedledees of religion—questions, the bottom of which nobody can ever find, though sounded by the longest deep-sea line possessed by man. When I hear election and free-will, sovereignty and responsibility, perseverance and falling from grace, wrangled over, I cannot help thinking of tweedledum and tweedledee. When I hear a Calvinist firing away over foreknowledge and predestination, or his Methodist brother over the street bellowing forth on free-will and and free-agency, straightway these tweedledees come up before me. What tomes have been written on these subjects. Is the world any wiser for them? Are the vexed questions settled yet? No such thing. The agitation of them has stirred up more ill blood and bred more strife, than it has ever done good.

How little of the milk of human kindness there has oftened seemed to be in the breast of religious controversialists. Wedded to systems, and hardened with continual conflicts, they have sometimes made as little of damning a man, as of crushing an insect. Does not thy heart sicken within thee as thou lookest round on the christian world, and seest swords flashing, lances glittering, leaders marshalling their hosts for combat, and ranks drawn up in stern array, with lowering looks on each other, all for what? Often for some difference which can scarcely be discerned, and which when discerned is not worthy the pains taken to discern it.

However, reader, we must not despair. Better times, we hope, will yet dawn on the world. The spirit of concession, of love, and common sense, will yet do their work. The mass of christian people, I must believe, are rightly disposed. If tweedledums and tweedledees were not so much preached and written upon, the prospects of the church would be fairer than now they seem. The water might perchance settle down clear, and calm, if those who have the stirring of it did not keep it in agitation, and as they are not always angels who trouble it, so instead of healing, it does but cast up mire and dirt.

POSTSCRIPT.

FRIEND "C,"—Whom I am addressing under this consonant, I know not. Sure am I, that it is a *friend*. I have read thy "hint" with care, and can truly say that its spirit is to be highly commended. Such "hints" differ widely from those *kicks* which are sometimes administered with so much vigor to the offending, and which effectually drive away all kindliness of spirit, and disposition to reform. Such hints will break no bones, but will rather prove as an "excellent oil." I am not one of those, friend C, who make it a point never to yield a point, and will therefore say, that in all probability, I may not have spoken of certain things in the best way. This is no great marvel, seeing that I am of human and not of angelic nature. I am far from regarding thee as a "heresy hunter,"—so far from it that I half suspect (this is between ourselves) thee of being something of a heretic thyself, according to some people's standard of orthodoxy. I am glad that thou hast written, inasmuch as it has led me to think of some more "things," to say.

One mistake I must correct. I would not have you suppose that I am averse to "doctrinal preaching," even though it be "abundant." By no means,—so that it be done in the spirit of kindness, and in the exercise of good sense. There is need enough surely, that the great doctrines of the Christian religion be ably set forth. In Parson Whittle, you may behold one who thinks more of system than of real goodness, and the tendency of whose labors is to make men systemists rather than Christians. Have you never known such! Let a man be of their creed and they are satisfied; though there be but little else to commend him. They there be but little else to commend him. They stickle for points for which after all they care but little for their own sake—which are not so believed as to influence the heart. They preach up certain doctrines for the sake of maintaining a character for orthodoxy, or to prop up the interests of a religious party. The doctrines themselves they do not really relish, and to defend them, is very much like taking up one's cross. You have heard of a certain orthodox committee, which formally approved a certain book on "Christian Nurture," and then withdrew their approval, leaving many to suppose that they were influenced more by the fear of being thought consistent with themselves than by any particular regard for orthodoxy in itself considered. It would seem as if they were not averse to smuggling a little heresy into the market, provided nothing should be said about it.

Now, though not exactly of their faith, yet I entertain the most profound regard for those grand old Calvinists of a former day. Their belief was truly wrought into their souls,—into their whole life. It made them even walk with a sort of stateliness, and look down with a kind of condescending air on other men. They believed that they were verily the chosen of God; that the world turned round for them, and would stop for them if necessary. I always feel like taking off my hat, when I think of the lofty old souls, in whom after all, so much that was really good, dwelt. There is a sort of grandeur about them which inspires reverence. When such men preach doctrines they will be likely to do it with an unction which will do a man good even though he may not believe all that he hears.

Perhaps, friend C, what I am about to say may grieve thee still more than what has been already said. But I must say it, for the truth's sake, and must draw largely on thy Christian charity. No fear of such names as *heretic, liberal Christian, &c.*, shall deter me from uttering my deep convictions. The doctrines which are *peculiar* to Calvinism, such as election or particular redemption, irresistible grace, and the certain perseverance of the saints, have no doubt been believed and are so still, by many wise and good men. To many, they have no doubt furnished motives to a Christian life. On the other hand—many equally wise and good, have not received what is peculiar to Calvinism. The doctrines above mentioned have been rejected with almost horror by those whose Christian character will admit of no question even with the great body of Calvinists themselves. I have no hesitation in avowing my belief that a Christian character can be formed and matured just as well without these doctrines as set forth by Calvinists, as with them, or, as well with, as without them. I believe this simply because I *see* it. As wise, as good, as perfect Christians as can be found,—men whose praise is in *all* the churches, have not received these doctrines. I cannot regard them, therefore, as set forth by Calvinists, as of exceeding great importance, as worth *contending* for, as sufficient to separate Christians. To you and to me, they may be very dear; to another they may not, and yet he may be just as wise and good as ourselves. When I hear the great importance of those doctrines urged, when they *seem* to be spoken of as essential to the Christian character, I cannot accord with the preacher. I ask myself, how is it, that hundreds of warm-hearted, zealous Christians, men who fear God, and work righteousness, who yield to none in intelligence, and in the exhibition of every Christian virtue, how is it, that these men have never derived any motives to a life of piety from the doctrines in question? And they have not, simply, because they do not believe the Bible, no doubt they believed; in the statements and explanations often emanating from Calvinists, they may not have. I trust, friend C, that you will not judge me as an *enemy* to Calvinism. I love a Christian of this type as much as any other. John Calvin and John Wesley, A. Toplady, and A. Clarke, are names equally dear to me. They all preached substantially the same gospel. They agreed in essentials; they differed in non-essentials. Let Calvin go forth with the "five points," and Clarke with them. With equal zeal, talent, and kindness, in their preaching, the one would, I believe, accomplish as much good as the other Clarke was an Arminian; Toplady, a Calvinist, and both Christians. In conclusion, I thank thee for thy "hint," friend C. I have as thou seest, *taken* it For this free expression of my sentiments, I trust that I shall not be cast out of the pale of the church. I am sure I shall not by one so kind and friendly as thyself.

Sincerely thine, ISRAEL OLDEN.

[Extracts from Rev. Wm. B. Greene's Letter to Rev. Dr. Fiske.]

PERSONAL EXPERIENCE.

It is, to me, no matter of astonishment that so many theologians should believe in, and teach, the doctrine of a tri-personal Trinity; nor that they should affirm such a Trinity to be revealed in the Christian Scriptures: for I also have been a Trinitarian, I also have believed the truth of the doctrine to be evident. Permit me, Sir, to refer a moment to my own experience. I was once far from entertaining the interest in religious matters that I now do. I was alienated from the life of God, and my thoughts were concentrated upon things that have little relation to the kingdom of heaven. But when I was nineteen years of age, the Spirit of God (as I trust,) that divine influence and power which operates through the life and death of our L

which seemed to have a trinitarian tendency (as those quoted in the foregoing exposition,) gathered increased force and splendor, the more narrowly I examined them, till the evidence was (to my mind) irresistible, and I went to the president of the institution, and told him I was a Unitarian. You will excuse me, Sir, if, under these circumstances I affirm throughout the remainder of this letter, that the doctrine of a tri-personal Godhead is not revealed in Scripture: for I assure you that I have searched carefully, and have nowhere been able to find it.

HISTORY OF THE DOCTRINE OF A TRI-PERSONAL GODHEAD.

Let us examine the doctrine of a tri-*personal* Godhead in the light of history.

I. Is the doctrine revealed in the Christian Scriptures? I think we must answer this question in the negative; for, if the doctrine is revealed in the Bible, it is revealed so vaguely, and under so many shadows, that many (and I must count myself among the number) have been altogether unable to find it. And it is reasonable that a doctrine of this importance, the capital doctrine of the Church theology, if revealed at all, would have been revealed so plainly that those who have eyes to see, and understanding to interpret, might run, and read it.

II. Is the doctrine in those ancient idolatrous theologies which, from the beginning, came in contact with the Christian Church, and which, from the beginning, corrupted its pure doctrine, giving rise to gnosticism, the heresy of the Manichaeans, and all forms of error? How different is the answer to this question! Egypt rises from her gigantic tomb, and points her finger to monuments carved all over with trinities. Egypt believed in trinities—tri-personal trinities in the upper, and tri-personal trinities in the lower world. Every province of Egypt had its peculiar tri-personal trinity, as the object of its especial worship—there is Kneph, with Neith, and the young god Ha-ke; there is Amoun with Mouth, and Ptha; there is Sevek Ra, with Hathor, and Chons-Hor; there is Monthou, with Rithro and Harphre; there is Har Hat, or thrice great Hermes, with Hathor, and Har-Sont-Tho; there is Osiris with Isis and Horus: all tri-personal trinities, and all of them three Persons co-ordinated into one Godhead: yea, these are but a part of her trinities, for the host of them is innumerable, yet they are all of them, multitudes of tri-personal trinities, but emanations of a single godhead, into which they are again resumed. The London Tract Society, an evangelical body, have published a work on the "Antiquities of Egypt," in which the author proves, and satisfactorily too, that the doctrine of a tri-personal Trinity, and that of the incarnation of Divine Persons, were received in Egypt before our Lord appeared in the world,—yea, before the time of Abraham. India believed in the doctrine of a tri-personal trinity for ages before the Christian era. Persia also acceded to the same doctrines.—Will any one deny these facts? Will any one deny that these religions, even in the times of the apostles, came in contact with Christianity? No one will deny these things—at least no scholar, with a reputation to lose, will deny them. And where was the birth-place of the trinitarian controversy? Where was the doctrine of a tri-personal trinity exalted to be the distinguishing characteristic of the Christian religion? It was in Egypt, where the doctrine had been held from a time so far back in antiquity, that her wise men had forgotten the history of its origin—it was in Alexandria of Egypt, the city in which all the science and theology of paganism were concentrated. For my part, I must confess that it is impossible for me, with my present light, to believe that the doctrine of a tri-personal God, has any other than a heathen origin.

CONFESSION OF FAITH.

With your permission, I will, therefore, sum up what I have said in relation to the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, submitting the whole to your judgment, hoping you will not find my views altogether opposed to the doctrines you hold to be true.—

I believe in Him who remaineth ALONE from eternity to eternity, dwelling in the glory of which light is but the shadow, sharing the might of his incommunicable name with no being in the Universe, knowing no equal in the vast regions of existence, but transcending in majesty the comprehension of the highest intelligence that serves in splendor before his invisible throne: I believe in Him who is sufficient to Himself, having in Himself all the elements of his self-sufficient Life; who alone, in infinite joy, is able to support the intolerable solitude and monotony of absolute existence: I believe in the blessed and only Potentate, the King of kings, and Lord of lords, THE ETERNAL FATHER,—to Him be glory forever and ever. Amen.

I believe also in the Lord JESUS CHRIST, the Son of the Most High God, who, through the power of the Divine Life, was *one* with the Father, and yet less than the Father; and who, through the might of the Father, is raised to be seated at the right hand of the majesty on high, having received all power in heaven and on earth.

I believe in the HOLY GHOST, that Divine Life and Influence, which streams in rays of infinite might and blessing from the cross of our Lord and Savior, Jesus Christ: and in that fellowship of the Spirit, which makes the whole Church of Christ, to be *one* in the unity of the Living Temple which is the body of our Lord.

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ACTIVE GOODNESS AND PURITY OF LIFE.

Having considered one part of "pure and undefiled religion" as described by St. James, namely, active benevolence, we come to the other—which is purity of life. "Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this,—to visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world."

Purity of life is purity first of the inward life—of the affections and intentions—of thought and feeling—of principle and motive. "Out of the heart," said Jesus, "proceed evil thoughts, murders, adulteries, fornications, thefts, false-witness, blasphemies; these," he adds, "these are the things which defile a man." To keep one's self unspotted from the world is then to keep the heart free from these evil things which, entering in, defile it; which existing first in the form of desire or purpose, has already begun its work of corruption, and only the opportunity is wanted for its completion in the outward act.

The outward life is but the out-flow and manifestation of the inward—the issue of the stream from the fountain. To keep unspotted from the world, is to live also a pure outward life. It is to keep one's self clear of bad practices and sinful indulgencies. It is to stand aloof from sin; to hold no alliance with iniquitous proceedings; to live in society uncontaminated by its vices; to act upon none of the bad maxims of the world, however current in business; to refrain from all injustice and oppression; to work no ill to one's neighbor; to be fair in the transaction of business; just in rendering to every man his dues; faithful to return equivalent for compensation; faithful to trusts; faithful wherever there is an obligation, and wherever there is a duty.

Upon the pure in heart and life must God look down well pleased. For he is a God of holiness, or, which is the same thing, a God of purity—a most holy, most pure God. The pure in heart and life are like Him, and worthy therefore to be called, as our Savior calls them, "blessed." "For they shall see God"—Him who is forever blessed in the highest—they shall see Him in the pure atmosphere of their own hearts, and beholding Him shall become more and more like Him.

Purity and benevolence together—holiness and goodness—these constitute true religion. A merely blameless life is not the acceptable religious life. It seems to exist sometimes without active benevolence. When it exists in such circumstances, it will not be a strong inward life of purity. There are many Christians who strive hard for attainments in holiness; they fast, they pray, they meditate; but they complain of the dominion of sin as strong within, while, through grace and force of principle, they are kept pure in the external life. They practice a part of religion, but the life of this part depends on the life of the whole. Omitting to cultivate the other part, which is active goodness, there is less vigor of growth in that which they seek to cultivate.

The existence of purity without goodness, is seen in the young man who came running to Jesus with the inquiry,—Good Master, what shall I do that I may inherit eternal life?—Jesus replied, Thou knowest the commandments, Do not commit adultery, Do not kill, Do not steal, Do not bear false witness, Defraud not, Honor thy father and thy mother.—The young man answered, All these have I observed from my youth.—Then Jesus beholding him loved him, and said to him, One thing thou lackest, go thy way, sell whatever thou hast, and give to the poor, and then shalt thou have treasure in heaven; and come, take up the cross and follow me."—This young man had cultivated one portion of pure and undefiled religion; he had kept himself unspotted from the world, but he had neglected the other, namely, to visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction. He was pure from vice, but he was not actively benevolent. Hence he was deficient in the acceptable service. To be both pure and benevolent—this was what our Savior required of him. He called for nothing more. It was not an additional requirement, that he should take up the Cross and follow Jesus. In being pure and actively benevolent—in this very course and path of action, he would be carrying the Cross and following Jesus. And whosoever lives a pure and benevolent life anywhere among men, at this or any period of time,—he takes the Cross and follows Jesus.

Though a merely blameless person may not be distinguished by a life of active goodness, it is rare that we see one constantly active in goodness who is not also pure in life. To visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, tends more strongly than any other means to promote purity of heart and life. How many have pored over their hearts seeking in vain for the existence of holy affections—how many have mourned and prayed in vain over their want of inward conformity to God, until they have begun to live not unto themselves, not for the mere object of their own personal salvation, but to follow Him whom they call Master, in doing good! This they have soon found to be the direct way to holiness and heaven. How beautiful such a life, and such a spirit; this union of benevolence and holiness! Where these exist, is there not all in which man most resembles God? Where these are found, is not all else also found, that is essential to be found? Purity is the white robe of the saints, and benevolence that beaming out of the soul which seems as the shining of the sun, and their manifestation and work in the world are as the mission of angels, who go forth from the presence of the Father to do his will.

In the light of these considerations, it is easy to answer the question,—Who is the truly religious man? It is he who is benevolent and pure; who visits the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and keeps himself unspotted from the world. For one's mere mode of faith in Christ, in respect to whatever view of his nature and person; for one's belief of whatever doctrines, he is not worthy to be called a religious man. It is as he resembles Christ in spirit and in life. It is as he is Christ-like; and wherever such can be seen, there is a son of God, a sharer of the glory upon which Christ hath entered in the heavenly places.

What, then, is it to obtain religion?—It is to become benevolent and pure; it is to enter on a benevolent and pure life. He who, when God's forgiveness on repentance is unfolded to him in the gospel, and Jesus is manifested as sent "to redeem us from all iniquity and to purify unto himself a peculiar people, zealous of good works," imbibes the Christian spirit, and, beholding the kingdom of heaven to consist in righteousness, enters upon it,—he obtains religion. He obtains religion who exercises that faith in Jesus which takes up his precepts and does them. In the very effort to do them, one will be sure to find true peace—as many have so found it. "By works," saith St. James, "is faith made perfect." Let it be ever so imperfect at first; ever so like the smoking flax, or bruised reed; ever so feeble and seeming almost to have no existence at all. The performance of the good works which the gospel requires shall nourish it until it shall have the entire dominion of the soul, and peace and joy shall fill the heart as one becomes like that spirit of perfect goodness and purity manifested in the person of our Lord Jesus Christ.

THE ANGEL JEHOVAH.

Professor Bush has commenced, in his new Periodical, a series of "Letters to a Trinitarian," of which the title above is the subject of the first. "Who," he asks, "was the true personage intended by that appellation?"

Though these letters are addressed to a Trinitarian, the writer "ventures to hope that if the eye of any candid Unitarian shall fall upon these pages, he will be somewhat arrested and impressed by an array of evidence drawn from this source, on the main position, of which perhaps he was but little aware, and the force of which I trust may not be diminished to his mind by any air of novelty in the form of its presentation. I trust, too, that he will at least be ready to admit that on the ground which we assume, of the inspired character of the Law and the Prophets, our grand conclusion is one that is not easily resisted." He adds however:

"In a controversy with a Unitarian, I fear I could not promise myself this advantage, as I perceive in the leading writers of that class a striking backwardness, to say the least, to abide by the testimony of the Old Testament in respect to the central doctrine of our Lord's divinity. They evidently regard this portion of the Scriptures as a mass of ancient historical documents, venerable indeed by age, but embodying merely the statements and sentiments of fallible men, who have chronicled facts and given utterance to poetry, prophecy, and parable under the promptings of a certain religious fervor, which at the same time falls immeasurably short of any thing that can be properly called *an infallible divine inspiration*. With the advocates of this opinion it would of course be impossible to enter upon such a discussion as I now propose, without a long preliminary debate upon the claims of the Old Testament Scriptures to a character of equal authority, as a standard of doctrine, with that of the New."

We shall meet the Professor on his own ground.

The first instance which he quotes is Gen. xvi. 7, 13. "And the Angel of the Lord found her (Hagar) by a fountain of water in the wilderness. . . . . And she called the name of the Lord that spake unto her, Thou God seest me." "From this," says Professor Bush, "*it is clear*" [the italics are ours] "that an identity of some kind is here asserted between Jehovah and the angel of Jehovah."

The second instance is Gen. xxii. 10—12, 15—18. "And the angel of the Lord called unto Abraham, and said, By myself have I sworn" &c. "Here," says the Professor, "*it is obvious* that the angel predicates of himself what can only strictly pertain to the Supreme Jehovah. This," he adds, "is abundantly confirmed by Paul (Heb. vi. 13, 14). There must surely be some sense in which the angel is Jehovah."

The third instance is Num. xxii. 21—27, 32—35. "It is clear," he says, "that he [Balaam] regarded him [the angel] as the Lord himself."

The fourth instance is Judg. ii. 1. "And an angel of the Lord came up from Gilgal to Bochim, and said, I made you to go up out of Egypt" &c. On this Professor B. quotes from his own Commentary—"Who but Jehovah himself could or would adopt such language as this! As to the circumstance of his being said to come up from Gilgal, it confirms the interpretation; for it was in Gilgal that this same divine person appeared to Joshua as an armed warrior. That *he* was Jehovah *cannot be doubted*, because he suffered Joshua to worship him, &c."

Another instance is Judges v. 11—16. "And there came an angel of the Lord and sat under an oak which was in Ophrah. And Gideon said unto him, O my Lord, if the Lord be with us &c. And the Lord looked upon him and said, Have not I sent thee," &c—Says the Prof. on this, "The language employed *leaves no room to doubt* as to our main position."

And still one more instance, in Judg. xiii. 8—23. "Manoah knew not that he was an angel of the Lord. . . . . Why asketh thou thus after my name, seeing it is secret? . . . . And Manoah said unto his wife, We shall surely die, because we have seen God." Prof. Bush again refers to his Commentary where he says—"The original word translated "secret" is literally *Wonderful*, the same word as found in Is. ix. 6. By assuming a title which unquestionably belongs to the promised Messiah, he identifies himself with that divine personage, and consequently *puts it beyond a doubt* who it is that is meant by the terms 'Angel,' or 'Angel of the Lord,' so frequently occurring in the Old Testament Scriptures, in connection with miraculous appearances and revelations."

We have *italicised* a few phrases, as being rather peculiar to Professor Bush. Such affirmations generally weigh with us but very little. If the things appear very plainly to himself, he fails to make them clear to others, or to present them in such a point of view that they shine with self-evidencing light.

There is one acknowledged use of language, and a dictate of common sense, which is a bar to his conclusions. It is, "qui facit per alium facit per se"—*he who does a thing by another does it by himself*—on a similar principle our Savior said, He that receiveth you receiveth me, and he that receiveth me receiveth him that sent me. On the same principle Ananias, having attempted to deceive the holy Spirit possessed by the Apostles, or, which is the same thing, the Apostles themselves, "lied not unto men but unto God." Paul also says "1 command, and yet not I, but the Lord." The argument is full as strong, and the conclusion as much "beyond a doubt," that Paul was the Lord; that the apostles were Christ—the whole twelve of them—as (what is usually maintained) that the Holy Spirit is a third Person and also God, and as any argument that the Professor has advanced to prove that the "angel" is the very Jehovah.

There is one passage which we present to Professor Bush. "Behold I come quickly," said the angel of the Lord God. "And I John saw these things. . . . . and fell down to worship before the feet of the angel which showed me these things. Then saith he unto me, See thou do it not: FOR I AM THY FELLOW SERVANT, AND OF THY BRETHREN THE PROPHETS. . . . . I Jesus have sent mine angel." Was this angel Jehovah! When the Professor shall have explained this satisfactorily, in harmony with the position assumed in his Letter, we will reconsider his interpretation with the probability of our accepting it, and becoming a believer in the doctrine that "the angel of the Lord" is Christ, and that Christ is Jehovah.

Professor Bush is endowed with a large share of imagination, by which, if he does not "give to airy *nothing* a local habitation and a name," he certainly puts what appear to us the most natural things in the world, into very fantastic shapes. His imagination is in larger degree than his judgment; his faculty of conception is greater than his logical faculty; his power of brilliant expression sets admitted truths in clearer light, invests them with greater interest, and more effectually promotes their good influence on the heart. But it is not given him to establish disputed points on any firmer basis. He does not cast light upon them so that others spontaneously say, "I see;" but they feel more dazzled than clear, more astonished than convinced.

THE MASSACHUSETTS GENERAL HOSPITAL.

The Report of the Board of Trustees of the Hospital, prepared by Drs. N. I. Bowditch and J. W. Edmands; the Report of the Superintendent, Capt. Girdler; and the Thirteenth Annual Report of the Physician and Superintendent of the M'Lean Asylum for the Insane, form the Pamphlet now before us.

The Report of the Board of Trustees commences with the acknowledgement of valuable bequests—100,000 dollars from Mr. John Redman, a Boston mechanic; fifty thousand dollars from William Oliver, a Boston merchant; and another from a valued and confidential domestic in the family of Joseph W. Revere, Esq.,—Miss Sarah Clough,—amounting to a sum small in amount, $590, 84, but concerning which the Trustees acknowledge that "there never has been a donation to the Hospital, since its foundation, whatever its magnitude,—more honorable either to the donor or to the institution."

The current expenses for the past year have been, $20, 710.25. The whole number of patients, 741, (67 in the Hospital Jan. 1, 1847, and 674 admitted during the year,) of whom 340 have recovered and 57 died. Whole number of patients from the beginning, (Sept. 1, 1821,) 11, 113.

The Trustees, next passing deserved commendation upon the Superintendent and his wife,—Capt. and Mrs. Girdler,—proceed to notice the introduction of the administering of Sulphuric Ether—132 operations, many of them of much severity, having been performed with entire success. They enter into a very elaborate argument in support of the claims of Dr. Morton to be considered the discoverer, and plead, on his behalf, for an adequate remuneration. It is not for us to decide whether they have, or have not made out their case. The importance of the subject is doubtless sufficient to justify the space which the Committee of the Board of Trustees have taken up in its discussion—which is four-fifths of their Report of 54 pages.

Dr. Bell's Report is very brief, occupying only half a dozen pages. At the close of 1846, there were 173 patients—88 males, 85 females. Admitted during the year 170. Total 343. Dismissed 170,—89 males, 81 females. Restored to their right mind 87;—42 males, 45 females.

We present a few extracts from Dr. Bell's Report:—

'The bill of mortality is unusually large. The existence of a severe intractable epidemic dysentary, prevalent also throughout the county, occasioning us the loss of twelve patients out of eighty in our household, who were seized with the disease, was fully reported to your Board in a special communication. It is a palliation to our regrets at parting with so many persons, long domiciliated here, and between whom and our household the kindliest relations had grown up in years of intercourse, that there was but a single individual of the whole number, of whose ultimate mental recovery there was the slightest hope.

In all other respects, the year has been of the most satisfactory character, having brought neither accident, suicide, nor other painful circumstance.

Personal restraint, as in some preceding years, has been used only in two cases, where the necessity could not be avoided without hazard to the patient.

If, in former years, I have felt and expressed the sense of satisfaction and grateful acknowledgment in finding myself, from the day of my being called to these responsible duties, surrounded and sustained by intelligent, devoted, and well-tried fellow-laborers in the officers of this institution, it is impossible to refrain, in view of the season of sickness, death, and sorrow of our past year, from repeating my deep sense of recognition of that zeal, patience, and self-denial, which has uniformly prevailed throughout the household.

Mr. Goodhue and Miss Barber, the male and female supervisors, upon whom, with their band of willing assistants, an unheard-of amount of labor, patience, and watching, developed during so wide-spread sickness, all within the space of less than two months, and my unwearied medical assistant, Dr. Booth, are entitled to the highest expressions of acknowledgment."

Dr. Bell has himself largely shared in the sorrow which he describes, having lost two children—a daughter ten years of age, and a son aged five. Long may the Institution fulfil the intentions of its donors and the hopes of the humane, under his excellent superintendence, and the happiness he has been the means of imparting to other afflicted families return to alleviate the sorrows of his own.

THE STATE LUNATIC HOSPITAL.

The fifteenth Annual Report of this Institution is before us, embracing the Report of the Trustees, the Treasurer's Report, the Report of the Superintendent, the Bye-laws of the Institution, the Diet Table, and the Register of the Weather. Its various tabular views, prepared by the Superintendent, exhibiting the causes* of Insanity, the age and condition of the insane, the duration of their malady, its curability or incurability &c.; the number of admissions, and also of the discharged, with the state in which the latter left;—these with the accompanying remarks are a deeply interesting study for the thoughtful and the humane.

The number of patients admitted from the beginning is 2,823. Number in the Hospital at the commencement of the last current year was 367; admitted in the course of the year 240; whole number in the Hospital in the course of the year 607; discharged 213; remaining at the end of the year (Nov. 30, 1847) 394. "At no time of the year," remarks the Superintendent, "have they had spare room. Twenty-six, on an average, more than the whole number of rooms, have resided at the Hospital throughout the year." The increase of patients seems to have been in part owing to the increase of foreigners, (mostly Irish,) of whom sixty were admitted the past year—one fourth of the whole number. And in regard to these it is remarked, that their misery, their ignorance, and their jealousy stand in the way of their improvement." A much larger proportion of patients however are now brought to the Hospital while their insanity is recent, and their recovery is the more hopeful.

Notwithstanding the very large number of inmates, the general health has been good, a large number have returned to their homes and friends, in their right mind.

The financial condition of the Hospital is as follows:—Expenses $39,444,45; Receipts $45,-662,92; Leaving a balance in favor of the Hospital, of *six thousand two hundred and eighteen dollars, forty-seven cents*. The Trustees in presenting so favorable a Report as that which they are able to do, very properly remark that they "feel themselves called upon to express their public commendation of the valuable services of the Superintendent, Dr. Chandler, to whom the continuance of prosperity is in a large measure owing. Under his services, so ably seconded by his Assistants, Dr. J. R. Lee and Dr. Rufus Woodward, and by the Steward Mr. C. P. Hitchcock, they feel sure that this important charity will continue to be an honor to the State, as it is an ornament to humanity."

* Dr. Chandler remarks that "defective education,—or the want of proper moral, intellectual, and physical training,—seems to be the broad foundation from which arises most of the causes of insanity."

☞ CORRECTIONS.—In the art. on National Retribution, Page 1, col. 4, line 2 from top, for "violence," read *violation*; line 40, for "words or word," read *word for word*; line 59, for "ennobled," read *ennobling*.

Also col. 6, line 20, for "one" read *one of*.

The Hingham Patriot says that Wm. Cushing, of Hingham, now pursuing his studies at Meadville, Pa., has accepted an invitation to officiate as Minister at Large in the city of St. Louis, Missouri.

[We would only say in respect to the following Appeal, that they are worthy to whom the help here asked shall be granted.]

For the Register.

LETTER FROM ELDER WALWORTH.

DEAR SIR,—The well established character of your valuable sheet as the organ of communication for distant and wide scattered friends, as well as its ready and cheerful responses to the appeals of the needy to the sympathies of their brethren of like precious faith—is an encouragement to utter a few words to our friends; and our apology shall be a truthful narrative of our present condition.

It is a little more than two years since I located and commenced preaching in this place. There was no preaching in the village at the time, nor had been for several months. The Methodists, after preaching and having a society here some four or five years, had abandoned it, "for its very badness." Gambling and intemperance were the principle employments of the Sabbath, and religious institutions were entirely neglected.

As the result of regular sabbath services and religious instruction, in about eighteen months a church was gathered and organized, consisting of about twenty-five members. It has gradually increased to between thirty and forty, mostly heads of families, with an interesting singing choir, and a Sabbath school. We at first met for worship in a school-room; but this was low and inconvenient. We next occupied the Court-room, where we were more comfortably situated; but the arm of persecution was raised by the Episcopal Methodists, (who by aid of various donations are now building themselves a house,) and they presented a petition to the county authorities for the purpose of expelling us from the Court-room. Though they failed in this, yet the use of the Court-room is so divided between different denominations that we can have it only every fifth or sixth sabbath. This deprives us of religious services so much of the time that a society cannot be sustained.

On reflecting upon the difficulty if not impossibility of even sustaining a society (to say nothing of the advance for which we always look,) under our present peculiar circumstances, we decided to make an effort to build us a house of worship. Our building committee have made an estimate, and find that after going to the extent of our ability we shall lack four hundred dollars. With this aid we could erect a plain unexpensive but convenient house of worship. Every person who is acquainted with raising up and sustaining societies of our faith in a new place, in a new country, under the pressure of prejudice and persecution, know how difficult it is to succeed without a house of worship. This embarrassment we have thus far labored under; and I much fear that we shall be able to make but little further advance until that object be attained, for we seem to have arrived at that point where a house of worship is indispensable.

Most cheerfully would we go forward and build without troubling our Eastern brethren with this appeal if we were able; but we are not. Beginners in a new country, we are poor as to this world's goods, but rich in hope and resolution. The young society is in a healthful state, and all that seems wanting with the divine blessing to give permanency to its establishment and a comparatively wide extent to its influence, is the solicited aid to erect them a house of worship.

Monroe is the site of Justice for Green county, situated on the direct stage-road from Milwaukie upon Lake Michigan to Galena upon the Mississippi, 100 miles west from Milwaukie, and 50 east from Galena, in a healthy, fertile, well-timbered, well-watered, farming district contiguous to the Mineral region. The population of Green county was, in June 1846, 4758; in December 1847, it was 6489. The precinct or township of Monroe contains 2063 inhabitants, a large proportion of whom would attend meetings at the village if we had convenience for them.

Brethren and Friends;—you will indulge the sentiment of the worthy Joseph to his more fortunate fellow prisoner, "When it is well with you, remember me" We are unwilling to fall as a burden upon the benevolent friends of a liberal faith in the East; but in the providence of God our lot is cast here, where we feel that we have a work to do for God, and for those that come after us. We would be faithful to our trust. The aid we solicit, though comparatively small among the *thousands* of Israel, would be to us, and to the cause of religion, morality and truth, a great aid. While the valley of Fox river in northern Illinois bears indubitable marks of the kind sympathies and generosity of the Unitarian Christians of New England, may I appeal to your benevolence in behalf of your worthy but hard-struggling brethren of Wisconsin.

There is not a house of worship which we can call our own in the entire State of Wisconsin, save one in the city of Milwaukie. I am aware that some have not seen the propriety of aiding to build churches in country villages in the West; they think that large cities are the appropriate sites. But I am satisfied that if such persons could stand here they could see that a thousand minds could be reached and influenced and benefited here with four hundred dollars, as easily as that number could be equally affected in the more populous Eastern cities with as many thousand dollars—minds too of the right cast; the better informed, permanent settlers; owners of the soil; the bone and sinew of western society.

The different sects are aware of this and seem to appreciate an influence which may now be gained and secured. They are forward in their donations to build churches and support their missionaries. They are early to occupy the more important and eligible points in this new state. A few however, from the peculiar taste or moral condition of the inhabitants, have until quite recently remained nearly destitute, among which is Monroe. This place had excited but little interest until we had commenced here with some success; but subsequently, an apparently earnest zeal has been kindled among different sects in behalf of the people, which seems rather directed to turn them from the "errors" of a liberal faith, than to save them from their sins.

We would appeal as well to benevolent individuals, as to any organized association—and to those in particular who feel a desire and a willingness to promote the interests of religion in the valley of the Mississippi. There is now an opportunity to aid in establishing a sanctuary, an earthly temple of our God—to which the way-worn pilgrim, who has sought for himself and his little ones a home in the west, may come with the family of his care and place them within the influence of a rational and elevating faith. By thus contributing, they will aid to raise a witness in many hearts, as well as the material structure, of the benevolence of liberal christians in the east—a memento of that fervent zeal and truth-loving spirit which will speak more eloquently in favor of our precious faith than the lips of the learned; for it consists not of words only, but it recommends itself by acts of benevolence and substantial kindness, "even to the least" of the disciples of our Lord.

Please excuse the prolixity of this article, for how could I say less?—With assurances of fraternal regard, Yours truly,

JOHN WALWORTH.

Munroe, Green Co., Wisconsin, Feb. 5, 1848.

For the Register.

FEAR.

SIR, I was pleased with the frank and natural expression of your expostulating correspondent H. C. A.—His thoughts and remarks seemed the result of conscientious reflection—This is one of the advantages of the freedom and directness with which Crito reasons and comments upon what he observes; and as he admits the "pars fui," he must have sources of knowledge peculiar to that relation. Occasionally as in this instance he penetrates the phylactery and produces no irritating reply, but conscientious inquiry, precisely what the Register of Christian exposition is designed to elicit, and by proper moulding, the beautiful truths of Christianity may be wrought into perfect harmony. It is perhaps unfortunate, that most of us are obliged to rely upon the English words, and in passages of verbal difficulty we have no commentary to which we can refer—Your correspondent in support of his views, uses the Scripture phrase "wrath of God," which without explanation" and with any English definition of "wrath" is a contradiction in terms, as is also another phrase he quotes, implying "to persuade by terror"—which would be liable to nearly the same objection.—They are both Scripture quotations, but the inspired writers did not write in English. I should be very glad if your correspondent, or in his default if you, Mr. Editor, would give such version as the language permits and reconcile apparent contradictions. I do not assent to the proposition that men are never turned to Christianity by fear, or that being Christians, they have not always the fear of the Lord before them—which is not inconsistent with the belief that *perfect* love casteth out Fear, and that man, weak, erring, sinful man, who sustains the relation of father and child, knows no fear for himself, when either parent or child are in danger, and we can only know parental love in the *Almighty Father*, by the consciousness of the germ within us. W

For the Register.

MR. EMERSON IN EUROPE.

The interest with which Mr. Emerson has been received in England, induces us to translate some parts of a labored criticism on his works, written by M. Emile Montegut for the *Revue des Deux Mondes*.

We do not attempt to give even a sketch of the philosophical views of this long paper;—but rather to publish a few extracts from the introduction of it, which from their personal allusions to Mr. Emerson, will interest his countrymen.

"Notwithstanding the relations between America and ourselves, which are growing more and more frequent, we have still but a very false idea of this distant world. We see it through the romances of Cooper, the poems of Chateaubriand, sometimes through the writings of political economists. Sometimes America is presented to us as the country of great rivers, of cataracts, of impenetrable forests, of unbounded horizons, sometimes it is nothing more in our eyes than the country of Commerce and of Railroads. Aside from the immense savannahs, the labyrinths of rail-ways and canals, there remains still to be exposed a whole world, but little known, the world where American thought is moving and extending itself. Equally apart from vast solitudes and noisy cities, are there not in America regions where man escapes from the torpor of isolation as well as from the fever of material pursuits? Yes without doubt, and there you will find, not the America of the poets nor that of political economists—not deserts but cultivated fields; not savage life but domestic simplicity; not romantic manners but the protestant and family hearth. Let us penetrate, for example, into the State of Massachusetts; there is one of those favored retreats of which we are speaking. This retreat is a charming *cottage*, and the man who inhabits it is a sage—Ralph Waldo Emerson.

"It is a cottage opposite a hill," so he tells us himself. About this habitation nature wears, not a grand, terrible and savage face, but a graceful smiling and amiable countenance. "Nature says—Man is my creature, and in spite of all his impertinent sorrows, he will be gay with me. In the depth of the wood I am not alone and unknown; plants bow their heads before me, and I return their salute; for the host of the cottage the landscape becomes animated, and he breathes somehow *socially*. The charming landscape which I saw this morning is indubitably formed by some twenty or thirty farms, and yet no one owns the landscape." These few lines show the manner of Emerson. In all his descriptions of nature there is, as it were a light murmur, a peaceful sound, like the humming of flies during the nights of summer, as the Lakist Wordsworth says—"All nature is for him in the landscape which surrounds his dwelling. All the qualities, all the distinctive traits of the writer and the philosopher—philosophy, wisdom, humanity, sympathy with nature rather than the love of nature, are found in the description of this pleasant retreat, and on the threshold of the habitation one seems already to recognize the inhabitants of it."

"Ralph Waldo Emerson was born and lives at Concord in Massachusetts. He has been a Unitarian minister, and this fact is worthy of consideration. The Unitarians are of all Protestant sects, the most bold and the most independent. They are assuredly the most democratic, as the Quakers are the most philanthropic. Their exegesis swarms with heresies. Hazlitt, when he wished to designate in a single word the dramatic heresies of Joanna Baillie, says that she is "a practical Unitarian." Emerson, who departed from his church on account of his peculiar interpretation of the Lord's Supper, has preserved the bold tendencies of this sect, and its impatience of all authority. "See," cries he in an ironical apostrophe, "these noble understandings, they dare not listen to God himself unless he speaks in the phraseology of some David, Jeremiah or Paul." At Boston, the centre and metropolis of Unitarians, Emerson gave some discourses filled with eloquence on the contemporary tendencies. In 1844 he wrote a pamphlet on "The Emancipation of negroes in the English West India Colonies." He edits a periodical publication entitled the Dial. Emerson's writings may serve to complete these biographical indications—we know that he lives in retirement, and it appears from several of his Essays that he never has been married. The English Editor of the American philosopher, Mr. Carlyle, informs us that Emerson is rich, or at least above all want. This retirement and this competency suffice to show in him a sort of Puritanical Montaigne. As to his character, if we believe some passages of his Essays, Emerson loves humanity better than intercourse with men, and like all thinking persons who live much in solitude, he is impatient of contradiction. It by chance he has suffered, he has suffered with calmness, concentrating within himself his grief, rather than allowing it to melt in the gentle flame of resignation. His conversation must be timid, rare and abrupt. I do not think he has the breath of indefinite improvisation. Thus I imagine this remarkable man, very different (especially in regard to the faculty of improvisation) from his editor, Carlyle, who is an ardent spirit, which pours itself out with Sybelline eloquence, and throws up at the same time, in his quaint eruptions, precious lava and ashes, clouds of smoke, sheaves of sparks, sulphureous flames and pure light." * * * * *

For the Register.

TEA PARTY IN STOW.

The readers of the "Register" will remember that the Unitarian meeting-house in Stow was destroyed by fire in Nov. last. It will be gratifying to many of them to learn that the Society immediately voted, with entire unanimity, to rebuild, and in a short time a sufficient sum was subscribed for that object. The Ladies of the Society are holding meetings every week for the purpose of raising funds to furnish the new Church, which, it is expected, will be completed in July. To increase their funds they held a Tea-Party on the 16th inst., in the Hall where the Society now worship, and realized 175 dollars, clear of all expenses. The evening was perfect, the travelling could not be better, and the Hall, which was tastefully decorated, was filled to its utmost capacity. Everything passed off as pleasantly as could be wished, and it might truly have been called "a friendly and social gathering."

The following hymn, which was composed for the occasion, was sung with good effect.

Now we have met for social chat,
And drink a cup of tea;
To take each other by the hand
And join in festive glee.

To build a temple, Lord, to thee,
Our hearts and hands unite;
To meet within its sacred walls,
Oh! may we e'er delight.

Thy blessing, Lord, we crave for him
Whom thou hast kindly given,
To break to us the bread of life,
And lead our souls to heav'n.

Bless her who shares each anxious thought
And cheers him on his way;
O! bless the little "Olive Plant,"
Expand its leaves each day.

O! bless the Pastor, bless the flock,
With harmony and love;
And guide us in the path which leads
To thy right hand above.

Joy fill each guest assembled here
This festal board around;
And when we give the parting hand,
Let "Home, Sweet Home" resound.

R. B.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Memoir of Sarah B. Judson, Member of the American Mission to Burmah. "By Fanny Forester." New York: L. Colby & Co. 1848.

We commend this book as the portraiture of a very lovely, accomplished, and Christian woman. It is not the least among the good fruits of the Missionary Enterprize, that it has given back to the American Churches again those whom it has received, rendering their lives more conspicuous, exhibiting their graces to a wider circle for love and imitation, so that the Churches at home have, as we believe, been immensely the gainers by those it has seemed to lose in sending them abroad.

The regret has been sometimes expressed, that Foreign Missions should take woman away to go through so much suffering. If enjoyment were the only thing for which to live; if trial were not necessary to discipline and develope that which is best and holiest in man; if, in order to be greatly useful, all experience did not show that it was necessary also to be a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief,—such a regret might have cause for it. We might say, however, that the home of many an accomplished woman here in America, if uncovered to view, would reveal sorrows in comparison with which the saddest of the missionary's would be instantly preferred.

We could wish in respect to this Memoir, that the subject of it might have appeared more in her own person than she is permitted. Very few letters, and extracts from her correspondence, and very few of her verses are given. The Memoir is chiefly the handiwork of "Fanny." Though not presented as a *mere* Missionary, and Missionary's wife, and pietest, these are *chiefly* the aspects. We do not think Christianity would have lost, nor her symmetry appeared less faultless, nor her usefulness have been diminished, if many of those "familiar letters" had been introduced, and the daughter, sister, and social friend, had oftener appeared. Mrs. Boardman is represented as "not making those advances in the grace of Christ, while at Calcutta, which her previous course had promised. Delay had brushed the first bloom from her enthusiasm." But "she was a lovely wife, a fond, proud mother, a most attractive companion, and an accomplished lady" there. We would give a great deal to read the letters she wrote at that period. For ourselves we doubt not that during that time there was as much advancement in the true grace and excellence of woman, as at any other period, and that she was then perhaps not less, but more a Christian. Yet we will not find fault for not having what we should like. We are thankful for what we have; for what the Memoir is; and are not ashamed to confess that our eye moistened more than once in its perusal.

Littell's Living Age. No 197.

Blackwood, the Westminster, the Examiner, the Spectator, Punch, and the United States Magazine, are laid under contributions for the interest of this No.

Duties of Young Women. By E. H. Chapin. Boston: Geo. W. Briggs. 1848.

A volume whose beautiful page and outward adornment are in harmony with the spirit and expression of its thoughts. Judging not indeed from a perusal of the whole, but of parts, as we had time to bestow upon it, we do not hesitate to pronounce it one of the best books we have seen of its class. Mr. Chapin's style of writing has, without being subjected to much severe criticism, been quite chastened by the general culture which a mind like his could not but apply to itself. Each succeeding volume has shown improvement upon the preceding. Nothing however, that we remember to have read has, with whatever faults of style, ever come from him, which has not been well worthy of perusal.

The New Church Repository, and Monthly Review.—Devoted to the Exposition of the Philosophy and Theology taught in the Writings of Emanuel Swedenborg. Conducted by George Bush, A. M. Vol. 1. No 1. Jan. 1848. New York: Published by John Allen.

Though after all the thought and attention we can bestow on the subject, we find ourselves unable to receive all the doctrines of Swedenborg, there is much in him that we feel an affinity for; as indeed every Unitarian cannot but feel who will take the pains to read him. On the atonement, on the nature of faith, on personal righteousness, we are substantially one with him. But on the absolute Godhead of Christ; on what he calls the Divine Man; on the interpretation of Scripture and a few other points, we feel the distance in mode of speculation more and more sensibly every time we read him—and his expounders, not excepting any of them, increase rather than lessen the distance. We assent very readily to the sentiment of Mr. Monod, (see page 1,) that "the holy spirit is none other than Christ returning under a new form." That is, in Christ—in his character and gospel—are contained the heavenly influences which redeem man from sin and make him holy. This is a precious truth acceptable to every Christian. St. Paul affirms it, when he says, (2 Cor. iii. 17,) "The Lord is the Spirit." The Spirit sent is *the truth* sent, and this truth is the character and doctrines of Christ. Nay, for ourselves we go further and say, we believe in the direct, personal agency of Christ now upon his Church, and upon the world, by his truth. But this is very different from making that "Spirit" a person distinct from Christ, or assigning to it personal properties and relations, or saying that it is the identical substance of the Father.—The perfect infallible inspiration of Swedenborg of course we are unable to accept, inasmuch as we venture, presumptuously perhaps, to judge him in error on points where the grounds of our assurance seem at least to be very firm.

Professor Bush brings distinguished abilities, fine attainments, and a pure spirit to his present task. He will make an interesting periodical—he will, we hope, receive a fair and wide hearing.

Ventilation of School Houses. Boston: pp 44.

This contains the School Committee reports of December 1845, and December 1847, in one neat pamphlet, admirably printed, and full of excellent suggestions. We wish it could be circulated far and wide. Boston is almost alone in having a pure air in her schools: and they are pretty much the only decently ventilated halls or houses in our midst. Now, cannot the city spare a little of this light for places yet shrouded in darkness? Can it not spare us a hundred or two of this excellent essay to place in wise hands of friends of education at a distance?

We see it stated in the Report that Chilson's furnaces are decidedly the best. H.

Meadville Theological School.

We have received a catalogue of this Seminary for 1847, '8. The number of students is as follows:—Senior Class 12; Middle 8; Junior 12; Total number 32. Of these some are on a two, and others on a four years' course. The Board of Trustees embraces 31 gentlemen. Rev. Rufus P. Stebbins, the President, is Prof. of Heb. Lit., Systematic Theol. and Sac. Rhet.; Rev. Frederic Huidekoper, Prof. of New Testament Interpretation and Lit., and Ecc. His.; Rev. G. W. Hosmer of Buffalo, Prof. of Pastoral Care; Elder David Millard, Prof. of Biblical Antiquities and Sac. Geo. Prof. Stebbins gives instruction also in Evidences of Nat. and Rev. Relig., Mental and Moral Philos., and Elocution; Prof. Huidekoper in Greek, Latin and German.

Littell's Living Age. No. 198.

Humbolt's Cosmos is the main bill of fare this week, and we hope every body will be attracted by it.

Dombey and Son. Nos, 15 and 16 have been received from Redding & Co.

An Address delivered before the Boston Mercantile Library Association, Jan. 3, 1848. By Daniel N. Haskell, a Member of the Association. Also,—a Poem on the same Occasion, by S. A. Dix, Member of the Association.

Mr. Haskell presents three topics for consideration—the Association, its members and their social position—all of which are treated in a very instructive and interesting manner. On the Class of Persons Mr. H. remarks:—

Our charter indicates their qualifications to be "Young men engaged *in*, or destined *for*, the mercantile profession."

Nine tenths of them are the sons of the substantial farmers, the prosperous traders, the enterprising ship-makers, the intelligent mechanics, of Massachusetts and the northern portion of New England: nearly every one of them is a graduate of the common schools of which we boast, and to a very great extent, the pecuniary condition of their parents is the one which Agur desired, for Providence has given them "neither poverty nor riches."

Ten years ago, last October, one of our most active and beloved members died, leaving an interesting family of sisters, with their mother in destitute circumstances. One hundred and eight of our members came forward and raised a fund by contributing one or two dollars each year, till the sum of five hundred dollars was paid the mother of their friend Torrey, in quarterly payments of twenty-five dollars each, for the term of five years.

Those one hundred and eight young men signed their names in a book; when the plan was set forth, and also registered the names of their employers. Ten years only have elapsed since this benevolent scheme was adopted: a recurrence to that list of names, and inquiries of the family and friends of those who have left us, give the following curious statistics.

Of the one hundred and eight original subscribers, one hundred and two survive; of whom sixty-seven reside in New England, and sixty remain in Boston. The forty-two who have left Boston are scattered, as follows:—eleven are now in the city of New York: four in New Orleans; five reside in the state of Ohio; two in New Hampshire; two in Maryland, and one in each of the states of Illinois, Missouri, Alabama, and Arkansas; two are now at sea; one is reported as a resident "out west;" one is a judge in Oregon; and five reside in foreign lands, viz.:—one in Calcutta, two in the East Indies, one in Mexico, and one in the Sandwich Islands.

Of the five who reside in Massachusetts, but away from Boston, one is an editor; one is in college; one teaches school; one is the cashier of a bank; and one is a settled clergyman. Two reside in New Hampshire; one is a merchant, the other a missionary.

Of the sixty who remain in Boston, forty-one are now in business; twelve of whom are partners with those in whose employ they were at the time their names were registered. Eighteen only remain in the same situation, at the expiration of the ten years, of whom twelve as above stated, have been admitted as partners.

These one hundred and eighty young men were in the employ of eighty-three different firms and corporations, fifty who remain, and thirty-three only retain the same name and style of firm. Six of the original members have died; two only in Boston, and at an interval of seven years from each other. If mortality and morality have an intimate relationship, this fact tells its own story. Of the others who have departed, one died in Mobile; one in New Orleans; one breathed his last in France, whither he had gone to seek a milder climate; and the dirge of the other was chanted by the elements, as a noble vessel, with her passengers and crew, went down into the depths of the Atlantic ocean.

This authentic statement is made of the very best class of clerks; those who had the pecuniary ability, and generous disposition, to aid the relatives of their departed friend. They were employed by houses of established reputation, where changes among the clerks are less frequent than with newer, or less fortunate houses, and yet, from this body, forty-one per cent., in ten years, are no longer with us; and, so far as can be ascertained, but *one* individual, born out of Boston, is now a resident in his native place. I would also observe, that the residences of the absentees are given where they were at the *last* accounts; and no allusion has been made to voyages and travels which are completed, and temporary residences in our own and foreign countries.

What a stream of influence accompanies this tide of New England emigration! Who can compute its amount, or gauge the extent of its power? If these persons have all gone forth, —complete men,—embodying the best features of the New England character, and using every means to advance either the moral or physical greatness of their new homes, who can question, that the places of their abode will have reasons for congratulation.

Mr. Dix in his Poem has made some very palpable hits—at what deserves to be hit, and hit hard.

☞ We hope to notice, next week, the remainder of the books and pamphlets on our table, and among them, Mr. Rufus Ellis' Sermon on the character of Hon. Joseph Lyman, and Mr. Burnap's Sermon on occasion of reopening his House of worship.

☞ It gives us sincere gratification, to say on authority, that the members of the second church (Rev. Mr. Robbins,) are making arrangements with great spirit for the payment of the debt incurred by the erection of their New House of Worship. Their edifice was more costly than was intended, or desired by many of the congregation. But we have always believed there was too much zeal and liberality in the second church, to suffer the society to labor long or be permanently injured under a merely pecuniary burden.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

DECREASE OF CLERGY.

Signal changes have been wrought among the clergy of Europe. Before the Revolution of France they possessed the third part, if not the full half, of the landed interest of the kingdom, and shared with the nobility the rights of feudal lordship. In 1757, the Abbe de St. Pierre reckoned in France 40,000 *cures* (parish priests, with larger power than the class to whom the English give the name curates,) 60,000 other priests, 100,000 monks, and 100,000 nuns; being a total of 300,000, or one to every sixty-seven inhabitants. But in 1829 the clerical order comprised but 108,000 members, that is to say, but one to every two hundred and eighty inhabitants.

Causes, both many and various, have been in constant operation since the sixteenth century, to reduce the number of the clergy. We find the number of ecclesiastics, in their proportion to the residue of the population has diminished thus:

At Rome, in 65 years, three-fifths.
In Portugal, in 31 years, five-sixths.
In Bavaria, in 28 years, twenty-two twenty-thirds.
In Sicily, in 51 years, more than one-half.
In France, in 67 years, more than four-fifths.
In Switzerland, in 31 years, one-third.
In England, in 133 years, nearly two-thirds.
In Russia, in 33 years, much more than one-third.
In Denmark, in 20 years, one-half and even more.
In Sweden, in 60 years, one-third.

The larger share of these losses has fallen on the Romish clergy. During fifty years, in six of the States of Europe it has diminished to the amount of 855,000 priests, monks, or nuns.

A new Measure in the English Episcopal Church. We learn from the *Witness* that quite a number of the English Bishops have agreed to appoint in their dioceses an order of Bible-readers for some of the large towns. The following advertisement which appears in the *Guardian*, explains the character of the new measure, and furnishes an item of interesting information.

'*Scripture Readers.* Wanted, immediately, a number of earnest and well educated churchmen, to act as scripture readers in a large manufacturing town. They must comply, in all respects, with the conditions laid down in the declaration which the Bishops have recently published. The Bishop of the diocese has promised to admit to holy orders such gentlemen, as having filled the office of scripture readers for the space of two years, shall be nominated to curacies within the diocese. Gentlemen desirous of devoting themselves to this work must be under thirty years of age, of sound Church of England principles, and ready to labor earnestly for the glory of God. Arrangements will be made for their maintenance in comfort and respectability at an economical rate; and they will be lectured by the parochial clergy in a theological course, to be approved by the bishop, until they are qualified for presentation for holy orders. Address to Rev. H. H. N., at Mr. Harrison's, bookseller, 55 Briggate, Leeds.'—The Church.

Canton de vaud. The oppressive acts of the government of the Canton, in relation to citizens whose conciencious scruples had led them to withdraw from the national Church and to hold separate meetings, have been alluded to in a previous No. of the Register. A remonstrance has appeared in the right quarter, from G. Monod, one of the pastors of the established Church, whose letter, published in the journals of the city of Lausanne, has been copied by the Foreign Correspondent of the Presbyterian. It is as follows:—

On the 22d of November, G. Monod, one of the pastors of the *established church*, at Lausanne, published in the journals of that city a letter, in which he comes out against the disorders committed the day before; he seems by anticipation to protest against the use which the government was about to make of them. This letter having attracted considerable attention, I shall quote a few paragraphs of it;

"Disorders, such as I have never witnessed at Lausanne, since I have had the honour of exercising my ministry in it, were committed yesterday. An inconsiderable number of citizens, as I believe, dispersed the religious meetings. In one of the places of meeting, damages were done, and the communion cups broken. There was no conflict, I am assured from precise information; there was, on one side, noise and insult; in one place; there was forcible intrusion without personal violence: on the other side, there was a peaceable retreat. The worst maltreated place of worship did not belong to the demissionary ministers.

Let me be permitted to express publicly the profound sorrow which these acts have caused me. I doubt not that all the pastors of Lausanne have been grieved on account of them.

An experience of more than eighteen months proved that the separate (*cultes*) religious meetings could be held peaceably in Lausanne, at least in the humble state in which they keep themselves; I mean, by abstaining from the erection of public edifices for their worship. And it is at the moment when our country, more than ever, has need of interior peace—it is at the moment when nearly all our fellow citizens, of the separate churches, are absent, and under arms for the public service, that their worship is disturbed, or rather, that of their families!

Men disbanded from the federal service, but still wearing the federal uniform, (I say what is fact) insult praying women, and peaceable citizens who read the Bible! I was not aware that the Diet, in declaring war against the Jesuits, declared it against religious liberty and prayer; this, truly, would be doing the Jesuits too much honor. . . .

If the intention be to force the citizens to come into the national churches, they make, as I have said, the churches prisons, of which the pastors would be the spiritual jailors. We must leave that to the Inquisition."

Tenant Right in Ireland. A correspondent of the Weekly Times, writing respecting the necessity of "An equitable landlord and tenant bill" in Ireland, says—"The evils flowing from the want of such a law are most numerous and galling. An industrious tenant has no certainty of enjoying the fruits of his toil at the same rate in future, when his lease has expired. If he entered on a houseless tract of land, and erected every thing necessary and comfortable, he is sure to be taxed 10 or 20*l* additional rent for these improvements—which cost the landlord nothing—or leave them to be enjoyed by another. A case lately occurred which has caused a great sensation. A man holding twenty acres got into arrears 37*l*. He had not cash to pay, but having a promising crop, he offered security to the landlord, that he would cut and deposit it in his stackyard until the debt was liquidated. His offer was refused—an ejectment was obtained—the crop seized by the sheriff, and the dwelling levelled. The poor man erected a few poles near a ditch and there sheltered his large and wretched family—but the sheriff was again brought and the ground cleared of a family who are now inmates of the workhouse. To such occurrences can be easily traced most of the Irish outrages."

A Step towards Emancipation in Russia. The Frankfort Gazette of the 21st ult., publishes an Imperial Ukase of the Emperor Nicholas, dated St. Petersburg, 20th ult, which permits the peasant serfs throughout the monarchy to purchase the property of their masters when sold by public auction. By such purchase they acquire all the rights attached to the property. This is a very important movement.

Jewish Emancipation. In the last sitting of the State of Darmstadt, a motion was made for the abolition of all laws preventing the Jews from taking a full share in the civil rights of the country. The motion was seconded, and referred to a committee.

GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

News from Washington.—It was announced in the city on Tuesday, that the venerable John Quincy Adams was smitten with another paralytic shock, from which there were no hopes of his recovery. He took his seat on Monday, with his invariable punctuality, and occupied himself in carefully arranging his papers. The resolutions of thanks and medals to the officers under General Scott coming before the House, and the previous question being put, Mr. Adams was heard to give an emphatic "No," to the latter, and immediately with his eye on the speaker, made an effort to rise, but fell, reclining on the left arm of his chair. He was removed to the speaker's room in a state of insensibility, and thence to his residence.

A correspondent of the N. Y. Express, says:—

"Just now, by close attention, he seemed anxious to 'thank the officers of the House.' Then again he was heard to say, 'Composed.' 'This is the last of earth.' There was a struggle to speak, and again a relapse."

It will be said of Mr. Adams with more propriety than of almost any other, that he was fortunate in the circumstances of his death—and yet not happy for his survivors. The sensation produced in Congress, (both houses adjourning on Monday, on his illness, and again on Tuesday, in the continuance of his illness,) and the profound grief felt here in Massachusetts, show the greatness of the anticipated loss. But God, we trust, will raise up others to walk in his steps, and bear the standard which his hands have so long and so nobly held.

Thursday P. M. It is announced that Mr. Adams is dead.

Rumor of Peace. Would that this, out of the thousand and one empty rumors that have been wafted over the land during the present session of Congress, might prove true, and that the day-star which is now fading out of sight might be followed quickly by that bright dawn which has been so long hoped for, but hoped hitherto in vain.

A petition against the continuance of the war, signed by 6000 members of the society of Friends, and presented by Mr. King, was moved to be laid on the table; which was negatived—ayes 81, noes 95. A motion to print was carried—ayes 98, noes 83.

The ten-regiment bill has been very warmly discussed. In the Senate on Wednesday, Feb. 16, Mr. Hale said he could not unite in giving thanks to the generals, because he felt that the war was unconstitutional. On Thursday, in the Senate, the introduction of slavery into new territories was discussed, and in the House Mr. Palfrey asked leave to introduce a resolution to withdraw our troops from Mexico.

In the Senate the ten-regiment bill was also taken up on Friday.

The sixteen million loan bill has at last passed the House, with certain restrictive features as to the sale of the stock under par. The vote stood, ayes 119, nays 14. It has been referred to the Senate.

Col. Fremont, having received his sentence of dismission from the service, but being restored again by the power of the President in consideration of his character and services, immediately wrote and sent in his resignation.

Massachusetts Legislature. On Thursday Feb. 17, in the House, a petition was presented and referred, from John C. Warren, John Tappan, and Moses Grant, for incorporation as the Boston House company with a capital of 500,000 dollars, to build a hotel, on condition that neither they nor their agents shall sell ardent spirits except for medicinal or mechanical purposes. The subject of the Mexican war was resumed, on which the speakers were Messrs. Dwight of Springfield and Boutwell of Groton. The same subject was taken up also on Friday—Mr. Boutwell finishing his speech. On Saturday, it was ordered, on motion of Dr. J. V. C. Smith of Boston, that the Committee on public charitable institutions consider the expediency of appointing a joint committee to select a site for a Lunatic Hospital in Berkshire County, to estimate the cost, and report to the next Legislature.—The debate on the war was continued by Messrs Emmons of Sturbridge and Griswold of Greenfield.

On Monday, the debate on the war was continued by Mr. Griswold, who concluded his speech, and by Mr. Stevens of Andover.

On Tuesday in the House, Committee reported that it was inexpedient to legislate on the subject of revising the laws relating to Common Schools, and also respecting the admission of Pupils to the Normal Schools.—The war-debate was continued.

Death of Major Edward Webster. Mr. Freaner the bearer of the Peace Treaty, brings news of the death of Major Edward Webster, (son of the Hon. Daniel Webster) of the Massachusetts Volunteers. He died at Matamoras, of typhus fever. Letters received in this city confirm the statement of his death. [Trav.

Hon. Henry Wheaton, now at the Tremont Hotel in this city, is seriously indisposed. He had taken up his residence in this quarter with his family, with a view to deliver his lectures on the Civil and International Law, in the Law School at Cambridge. His recovery, after a suitable interval of rest and retirement, is matter of reasonable expectation. [Boston Courier.

The following tribute to the memory of the lamented Whitman, is from the Christian Mirror.

Death of Mr. Whitman. The Rev. Jason Whitman died at the house of Martin Gore, Esq. of this city, on the night of Tuesday, the 25th ult. He had left his home in Lexington, Mass, with Mrs. W. to attend the funeral of her brother, the late Senator Fairfield of Saco.—Having a day or two before him, ere that mournful duty would be performed, he came to this city, where he had for several years had the pastoral care of the Second Unitarian Society, and called on a number of his friends and former flock—when he was violently seized, and soon prostrated, and after a few days suffering, 'called hence to be no more seen.'

Mr. Whitman's removal from Portland was a cause of general regret, and his death still more so. He was a working man, always ready to help on Temperance and other reforms—a great friend of education, earnestly devoted to the welfare of the rising generation; was a rigid moralist, both in his example and his inculcation of the moral virtues. He inherited and exemplified very much of the real Puritan character. He was of simple, unaffected manners, without the remotest tinge of aristocracy in his feelings. He looked upon men as his brethren, irrespective of their rank or condition in life. He was beloved as a neighbor, and a man with whom men of different creeds could cheerfully and comfortably co-operate in labors for the general welfare of society. In his removal many others, like ourselves, feel personally afflicted, though not connected by ecclesiastical relations, or consanguinity.

Disgraceful Doings at Hanover. The Vermont Chronicle thus testifies in relation to this matter.

"It appears from a statement in the Brattleboro' Eagle, that Lieut. Cram of the U. S. Army, lately returned from Mexico, has been fined, with one or two others, for damage done to the Meeting-house and vestry, and to the good order of some citizens of Hanover, in a drunken frolic. It appeared on trial that Cram was at the head of the expedition, and that two or three of the youngest members of College had been induced to join him and his companions."

A Sadly Divided Congregation is that constituting the Congregational Church in Reading, Mass. More than half the Church were excommunicated, or attempted to be, by the pastor and his adherents; but a highly respectable ex-parte Council declared the proceedings void, and that the excommunicated were still members. They returned to their seats, therefore, when the next communion season came round, whereupon the pastor adjourned the ordinance, and with the approbation of his adherents the matter so stands. [Jour. of Com.

Convicted on False Testimony. We learn from the Salem Advertiser that Mr. Zebulon Paine of Conway, who was sentenced to the State Prison for eight years, in November of 1846, has been pardoned by the Governor of New Hampshire. He was convicted of having hired a boy, 15 years of age, to burn a barn. His complete innocence has been recently established by the confession of the boy who bore false witness, and thus after a confinement of fourteen months, he has been restored to his family.

Gov. Briggs on Temperance. Says the Lawrence Courier, "The Governor of this Commonwealth has delivered a Temperance Address at the Free-Will Baptist Meeting-house in this town. The house was crowded in pew, gallery, aisle, and entry, and hundreds were unable to obtain admission. The address was one of the most fervent, sincere, and impressive that we ever heard. Its effect is best told in its results. Upwards of two hundred of the auditors signed the total abstinence pledge."

Counterfeit Gold. In relation to the counterfeit gold coins, which have been before described, the following letter was written to the New Orleans Mint by the Director of the Philadelphia Mint. The half-eagle referred to bore no mint-mark.

Mint of the United States,
Philadelphia, Oct. 21, 1847.

Sir—The counterfeit half-eagle which you have sent to me is a very remarkable and very dangerous imitation of the true coin.

It is a curious coincidence that while you were examining the counterfeit half-eagle, we had our attention engaged by a quarter-eagle, dated 1843, equally well imitated, and composed in the same manner. This, however, bears the O, which marks it as an imitation of the New Orleans coinage. I send you a part of it enclosed for your examination, but beg that you will return it to me. There are no dies missing of those sent to you from here, as is evidenced by your reports; nor are any missing here; so that the original dies cannot have been used by the counterfeiters. We must suppose either that the counterfeiters have the services of a most skillful engraver, or that they have possessed themselves of a dangerous process, recently discovered in England, for making very perfect dies of cast iron, which are *fac-similes* of the original medal or coin. Very respectfully, your faithful servant,
[Signed] R. M. Patterson, *Director*.

Corn Crops. Mr. Burke, the Commissioner of Patents, estimates the Corn Crop in the United States, for the last year, at 540,000,000 bushels, equal, at 50 cents per bushel, to 270,000,000 dollars, or about four times the value of the whole production of cotton.

Prevention of Suicide. Mr. Kinney, member of the Legislature of Massachusetts, is anxious to establish a law for the prevention of suicide. He proposes that all self-murderers shall forfeit their bodies for dissection.

The Vermont Chronicle and Hon. J. G. Palfrey. An Orthodox clergyman has written to the Christian Citizen as follows, in relation to Mr. Palfrey's breaking the Sabbath.

The last Vermont Chronicle has a severe article on the *Hon.* Mr. Palfrey. It appears that Mr. P. is a friend of the oppressed, irrespective of their country or color. Acting this friendship out, he addressed a note to the *Hon.* Mr. Winthrop, then candidate for the speakership, to inquire whether if elected, he would arrange the committees so as to favor, as far as consistent with duty, those crushed by our Slavery and our War. This note, it appears, was dated on the Sabbath; and this constitutes Mr. Palfrey's offence. Upon this, the Chronicle exclaims—"What an influence must such a man exert upon the morals of Congress!—A Christian minister—a Sabbath Breaker! How little respect can such a man gain from those who are guilty of the sin of oppression!" I was shocked on reading this undeserved abuse of a good man. I did not feel willing to see in it bitterness towards the Unitarians—a people so distinguished, both by their virtues and their intelligence. I was disposed to account for it on the ground of the Chronicle's indifference for the interests of the slave. But, be the motive what it may, the attack is entirely justifiable. Why, Mr. Editor, I am a Christian minister, of the Chronicle's own denomination; and I conceive and utter such sentiments as Mr. P.'s note contains, not only on one Sabbath, but on many Sabbaths—not to one man, but to a congregation of men—not in a private note, but in the public pulpit—not only to my fellow-men, but, reverently, to my blessed God. Yes, sir, I plead with my people to do what they rightfully can to check, to circumscribe the terrible evils, slavery and war; to the checking and circumscribing of which, Mr. Palfrey's note is limited. Nay, sir, I implore the Almighty God to do so, in his wisdom and goodness. Sir, should *I*, for *this*, be branded as a Sabbath-breaker, and be held up as demoralizing to community? But with the same propriety may this be done, as to thus present Mr. Palfrey.

I am, Mr. Editor,
Very respectfully yours,
Dec. 31, 1847. Micah 6: 8.

Hon. John C. Calhoun. I met Mr. Calhoun this morning at the studio of Mr. Kellogg, who is sketching his peculiar head. His hair, silvered by time, is now very long, and hangs backward in large masses, which he feared would not please the artist. "I have always," said he, "endeavored to dress with a simplicity that would not attract notice, and have succeeded, with the exception of my hair. When I wore it short the letter writers used always to have something to say about it, and now it is long I fear it attracts equal attention." In a conversation upon autographs he remarked that his original hand-writing was round and clear, but when at the Litchfield Law School his haste in taking notes changed it. It is now as erratic and bold as were the writer's movements in the days of Nullification. [Atlas' Corres.

Free Negroes in Louisville. The Mayor of Louisville gives notice, dated 14th inst., that after twenty days from that time, the act of the Legislature passed in the session of 1845–6, will be enforced against free negroes in that city. That act provides that any free negro who shall come into the State, and remain thirty days, shall be liable to arrest, and upon conviction of the fact, shall give a recognizance, with two sufficient securities, in the sum of $500, to leave the State within ninety days, and never return; and upon failure so to give recognizance, shall be sold into slavery, to the highest bidder, for one year.

Rev. John Wayland, DD. of Canandaigua, N. Y. has accepted an invitation to become Rector of St. James Church, Roxbury.

The American Bible Society have appointed Rev. William H. Norris an agent to go to Mexico, to see what can be done for the circulation of the Bible in that country.

Buffalo Presbytery on the War. We copy the following from the N. Y. Observer:—

"I am directed by the Presbytery of Buffalo to forward to the Observer for publication the following resolutions adopted at their stated meeting in Buffalo, Jan. 26, on the subject of war:

Resolved, That while we, as an ecclesiastical body reprobate and disclaim all interference and connivance with political partizanship as such, we claim it as our right not only, but deem it our incumbent duty imposed upon us by our position to the Christian public, to raise the alarm against any crying sin, or moral evil, which we apprehend will bring down upon us the righteous judgment of heaven, and to recommend prayer and effort for the abatement of such evil.

Resolved, That we look upon the Mexican war in which we are now as a nation unhappily engaged as an evil and a sin of no ordinary character, and we recommend to all and enjoin upon all who profess to be actuated by the peaceable and loving spirit of our divine Lord and Master, that by prayer to God, and all proper means among men, they exert whatever influence they may possess to bring to a speedy termination this culpable effusion of human blood and perpetuation of anarchy and misery.

A true copy. Attest,
Timothy Stillman, *Stated Clerk*."

Horrid Necessities of War.—*Saltillo, Dec. 28.*—Yesterday (Monday,) one of the most painful scenes took place that I ever witnessed. A soldier, by the name of Victor Galbraith, a bugler in Captain Miers's company of volunteer cavalry, was shot for threatening the Captain's life. The troops were all mustered to witness the dreadful scene. The unhappy prisoner was brought forward under the charge of the Provost Marshal and guard. Sixteen men were detailed and formed in single file. The prisoner calmly sat down on his coffin at about eight paces distance; and looked the executioners firmly in the face. His sentence was then read to him; he then threw his head backward, and said to the men: "Take good aim; I am ready to die." They fired; he fell immediately having received three balls in his body; but in a few moments he again rose, resting on his elbow, and asked for water and drank. He then said, "kill me at once, and relieve me of my misery;" when four of the men who had reserved their fire advanced, and placing the muzzle of their guns to within a few inches of his body, fired, almost cutting him asunder. Truly, he was the most resolute man I ever saw. Some of the officers were entirely overcome by the distressing sight. [Cor. of Nat. Intel.

In St. Louis they have just established a Prison Discipline Society, and procured, as a beginning, a library of 150 volumes for the use of the prisoners in the County Jail.

☞ SUNDAY EVENING SERVICE. In addition to the usual morning and afternoon services, the Indiana Street Church will be opened *every Sunday Evening*, for public worship, to be conducted by clergymen in the city and vicinity.

☞ Rev. J. W. Thompson of Salem, will officiate at the Indiana Street Church, next Sunday evening, Feb. 27th.

☞ On Sunday Evenings the seats will be free; and a collection will be taken to defray expenses and in aid of the Society. feb26

☞ REV. C. SPEAR, will deliver an Address in the Lee Street Church in Cambridgeport, (Rev. Mr. Muzzey's) next Sabbath evening at 7 o'clock.

Subject,—"Proper Treatment of Discharged Convicts."

☞ Postponed from last Sabbath on account of the weather. feb26

MARRIAGES.

In this city, Feb. 20th, by Rev R. C. Waterston, Mr B. Franklin Pratt, to Miss Ellen Matthews, both of Boston.

In South Boston, 2d inst, by Rev Mr Thomas, Mr Albert Hyde to Miss Ellen M. Dillaway.

In Newburyport, 17th inst, by Rev Mr Higginson, Reuben Swan of Boston to Miss Clementina Knight of Newburyport.

In Bernardston, 8th inst, by Henry W. Cushman, Esq., Henry Russell, Esq., Editor of the Cabotville Mirror to Mrs Climena T. Field of B.

In Nashville, Feb. 4th, by Rev Mr Bulfinch, Mr Joseph M. Thompson to Miss Sarah F. Walsh both of Lowell; Feb. 7th, Mr Charles H. Williams to Miss Eliza D. Chase, both of Lowell.

DEATHS.

In Waltham, Feb. 18th, Mrs Martha Baldwin, wife of Robert Baldwin, 79.

In Keene, N. H., Feb. 10th, Henry Fisk, son of T. M. Edwards, Esq., 3 months 10 days.

In Burlington, Vt., Caroline M. Stetson, daughter of Mr John Stetson, 14.

A gentleman from Vermont writes as follows:

Cambridge, Vt., June 18, 1846.

Mr. Seth W. Fowle,—Dear Sir: For several years past, my usual good health has been occasionally interrupted by spells of coughing, produced by colds; a year ago last winter I was brought to the verge of the grave by a very severe cough, accompanied with pains in both sides, between the shoulders, &c., which, with long continued night sweats, and other alarming symptoms, reduced me so low that my friends despaired of my recovery. I consulted physicians, and tried the various remedies of the day, but none of them cured me. At last I procured Dr. Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry, and it saved my life. I have not enjoyed better health for many years; therefore I can recommend others who need it, to try it.

SAMUEL BENTLEY.

None genuine, unless signed I. BUTTS on the wrapper.

For sale by SETH W. FOWLE, 133 Washington street, Boston, and by Druggists generally. feb26

CHRISTIAN HYMNS; FOR PUBLIC AND PRIVATE WORSHIP. Compiled by a Committee of the Cheshire Pastoral Association. Ninth Edition.

The publishers respectfully ask attention to this new Collection of Hymns for the Societies of the Unitarian denomination. The highest commendations have been bestowed upon it by those by whom it has been examined, and who are qualified to judge of its value.

As an evidence of the estimation in which the 'Christian Hymns' is held, we are permitted to give the following:

[Extract from a letter by Rev. Dr. Francis of Cambridge.]

'I have looked through the book with great satisfaction; and I feel that our community are under much obligation to the Committee of the Cheshire Pastoral Association' for the very valuable contribution to the beauty and interest of public worship. I find in your collection many hymns that are new to me, and—what I should hardly have expected—are likewise among the best that I have ever seen. The selection is made with great good taste, and with a judgment that happily provides some fitting strain of sacred poetry for every occasion and subject. The number of hymns is large, but I think none too large; and it is surprising how few poor ones there are among so many.'

The following Societies have introduced the 'Christian Hymns' into their Churches:—

Broadway Society, South Boston, Mass.
Rev. Mr. Stearns's do, Hingham, Mass
Rev. Mr. Coe's do, East Medway, Mass.
Rev. C. Palfrey's do, Barnstable, Mass.
——— ———Chapel, Taunton, Mass.
———, Hopkinton, Mass.
Rev. Mr. Leonard's Society, Dublin, N. H
Rev Mr. Livermore's do, Keene, N. H.
Rev. Mr. Whitewell's do, Wilton, N. H.
Rev. Mr. Cutler's do, Peterboro', N. H.
——— ———, Pomfret, Vt.
———, Troy, N. Y.
Rev. C. Bradford's, Bridgewater, Mass.
Rev. H. Lambert's, East Cambridge, Mass.
Rev. Mr. Tilden's, Concord, N. H.
Rev Samuel Barrett's, Boston.
Chapel of the Divinity School, Cambridge.
Rev Mr Fosdick's, Boston.
Rev. W. Gilbert, Harvard, Mass.
Mount Pleasant Congregational Church, Roxbury
Rev Mr Lord's, Milwaukie, Wisconsin.
——— ———, Ware, Mass.
Rev A. B. Muzzey's, Cambridge, Mass.
Rev B. Frost's, Concord, Mass.
Rev Mr Bates, of Stow, Mass.
Rev Alonzo Hill, Worcester, Mass.
——— ———, Bridgeport, Conn.
———, Upton, Mass.
Rev Mr Brigham, Taunton.
Rev C. Lincoln's, Fitchburg, Mass.
——— ———, West Newton, "
Rev T. Clapp's, New Orleans, La.
" H. F. Huntington's Lawrence, Mass.

Societies about furnishing themselves with Hymn Books, are requested to send to us for copies of the above for examination.

CROSBY & NICHOLS, Publishers,
feb26 1iscstf 111 Washington st.

NEW BOOKS. JAMES MUNROE & CO., have received the following new books: The Princess, by Tennyson, 50 cents—Hecteena, a new volume of poems, by Tupper, with portrait, 25 cents—James II., a tale by R. P. James, 25 cents—The Emigrant of Ahadurra, by W. Carlton, 37½ cts—Mirror of a Physician, 2 vols, 75 cts—Now and Then, by Warren, author of Diary of a Physician, 75 cts—The Well Spent Hour, by Mrs Follen—new edition—37½ cts.—The Birth Day, a Sequel to Well Spent Hour, 37½ cts. Reminiscences of the best hours of life for the hour of Death, etc., by Jean Paul Frederick Richter, 37½ cts, gilt edge—Parker's Letters to the People of the United States touching the matter of Slavery. 25 cts.

For sale at 134 Washington, opposite School street. feb26

BEST HOURS OF LIFE. This day published, "Reminiscences of the Best Hours of Life for the hour of Death, etc.," by Jean Paul Richter—32mo, gilt edge, 37½ cts.

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Published and for sale by JAMES MUNROE & CO., 134 Washington, opposite School street. f26

On Wednesday, March 1st, will be published,

THE CHRISTIAN EXAMINER AND RELIGIOUS MISCELLANY, No. CXLVI,—for March, 1848.

CONTENTS.

Art. I. The Past, the Present, and the Future.
II. Rev. Samuel Ripley.
III. The Claims of the Ministry.
IV. The English Revolution.
V. Chase's Apostolical Constitutions, and Torrey's Neander.
VI. Italy and Pius the Ninth.
VII. Hedge's Prose Writers of Germany.
VIII. Prison Discipline.
IX. Sermons on Christian Communion.
X. Notices of Recent Publications.
XI. Intelligence.

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SABBATH SCHOOL MANUALS. The Subscribers are publishers of several Manuals highly approved of in Sabbath Schools. Among them,—are

Dr Cartee's Questions on the New Testament, in two parts.
Mr Huntington's Lessons on the Parables.
Fox's Manual on the Book of Acts, with questions.
Fox's Ministry of Christ, with questions; a new edition.
First Book for Sunday Schools.
The Words of Christ, from the New Testament.
Peabody's Scripture Catechism, &c., &c.
They have also, in preparation, a new Manual intended for the higher classes in our Sunday Schools.
Copies furnished for examination.

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1. Humboldt's Kosmoo.
2. Pacification and Union with Mexico.
3. The War-Prospects.
4. Lieut. Gordon—Col. Kinney.
5. Our Policy with Mexico.
6. Party Politics in Congress, Political Calculations.
7. Webster—Binney—Hayne.
8. Philadelphia—Mr Biddle—Butler Family.
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☞ The Entrance to the Office is now in Bromfield Street. 1tis feb26

NEW UNITARIAN TRACTS. Sin Wrongs the Soul—by Rev J. W. Thompson.
Preaching Christ—by Rev R. P. Stebbins.
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What becomes Me? or the Liberal View of Man's Nature considered as a motive in the formation of character—by Rev Dr Barrett—for January, 1848.
This day published by CROSBY & NICHOLS a the Tract Depository,
jan29 is3t 111 Washington street.

MEDICATED INHALATION. For Pulmonary Complaints, Bronchitis, Asthma, Chronic Affections and Digestive Organs. Dr. Frost can be consulted by Patients at his Office, Rear 51 Cambridge street, Boston, personally, or by letter, where he treats the above complaints by a new and decided

POETRY.

For the Register.

"THE DAY IS THINE, THE NIGHT ALSO IS THINE."

The morning slowly passing from the veil
Of solemn night, casting its ruddy beam
Over the slumbering waters, and the sail
Spread to the breeze, is Thine! whose skill supreme
Made it so lovely with its changing dyes,
It seems forever new to wakening eyes.

The western hills, now robed in spotless snow,
Rearing their giant masses 'gainst the sky,
Are warm and sparkling in the crimson glow
Of the sun's beams, which first upon them lie,
Ere hast'aing to the valley to set free
The silvery streams that wander to the sea.

The day is thine! the full, broad, glorious day;
The kingly sun, the creature of thy hand,
Which lights for erring man the mazy way,
While he pursues upon the trackless sand
The meteors flitting with delusive light,
Till at the grave he pauses, lost in night.

When all is joy and love within the breast,
And the glad song of gratitude is sung;
When the o'erwearied one has found his rest,
And, by the wayside, flowers profusely flung
Perfume the air, is not the daylight Thine
Within the heart—a presence most divine?

The eve is Thine! the holy hush of eve,
When labor folds its hands, and, "tired of play,"
The weary children all their pastimes leave
And bend the willing knee to praise and pray.
Oh hallowed hour! when thought unfolds its wing,
And soars where highest seraphs sweep the string!

And shall we murmur when the night comes down
Laden with shadows o'ercloud the breast?
Shall only *smiles* be welcome when the frown
May serve a holy Father's purpose best?
No! by thy long-enduring mercy taught,
The night is welcome with thy mission fraught.

The night is thine! and stars in silence rise
To tread thy courts, and on the earth is peace;
Man seeks the couch of rest, his closing eyes
Read of that page whose wonders never cease.
What are the day and starry night to Thee,
Who art and wast from all Eternity!

H. J. W.

For the Register.

THE JUST SHALL LIVE BY FAITH.

"The just shall live by faith" the Prophet cried,
When, sent in judgment on his native land,
He saw the fierce Chaldeans spreading wide,
And Israel's hosts too feeble to withstand;
"The just shall live by faith," the Apostle said,
When Christ delayed his coming on the earth,
And with these words his fainting followers staid,
And hope within them had a second birth;
"The just shall live by faith" the Reformer's word,
That roused the Church, when sunk in sin and lust,
To turn again unto the Living Lord,
And shake her shining garments from the dust;
Oh may we heed it when our Lord delays,
And tarries long that He may prove our ways.

J. V.

ORDINATION HYMN.

[Written by Prof. Longfellow, and sung at the recent Ordination of his brother.]

Christ to the young man said: "Yet one thing more,
If thou wouldst perfect be;
Sell all thou hast and give it to the poor,
And come and follow me!"

Within this temple Christ again, unseen,
Those sacred words has said;
And his invisible hands today have been
Laid on a young man's head.

And evermore beside him on his way,
The unseen Christ shall move,
That he may lean upon his arm and say,
"Dost thou, dear Lord, approve?"

Beside him at the marriage feast shall be,
To make the scene more fair;
Beside him in the dark Gethsemane
Of pain and midnight prayer.

O holy trust! O endless sense of rest!
Like the beloved John,
To lay his head upon the Savior's breast,
And thus to journey on.

MISCELLANEOUS.

GOTTREICH HARTMANN.

[From Richter's Reminiscences.]

In the little village of Heim, Gottreich Hartmann resided with his old father, who was a curate; and although the old man had wellnigh outlived all those whom he had loved, he was made happy by his son. Gottreich discharged his duties for him in the parish, not so much in aid of his parent's unflinching vigor, as to satisfy his own energy, and to give his father the exquisite gratification of being edified by his child and companion.

How beautiful and how pure is the position of God's ministers! All that is good dwells around them,—religion, poetry, and the life of a shepherd of souls; whilst other professions oft serve only to choke up this goodly neighborhood.—Son and father seemed to live in one another, and on the site of filial and paternal love there arose the structure of a rare and singular friendship. Gottreich not only cheered his father by the new birth of his lost poet's youth, but by the still more beautiful similarity of their faith.

Gottreich possessed a paradise, in which he labored as his father's gardener; he was at once the wife, the brother, the friend, the all that is to be loved by man, of his parent. Every Sunday brought him a new pleasure, that of preaching a sermon before his father. He displayed so much power in his pulpit eloquence, that he seemed to labor more for the elevation and edification of his father, than for the enlightenment of the common people; though he held a maxim, which I take to be far from erroneous, that the highest subjects of intellectual speculation are good for the people as for children, and that *man can only learn to rise, from the consideration of that which he cannot surmount.*

To these two happy men was added a happy woman also. Justa, an orphan, sole mistress of her property, had entirely left and sold the trading-house which had been her father's, in the town, and had removed into the upper part of a good peasant's cottage, to live entirely in the country. Justa did nothing in the world by halves, but she often did things more than most would deem completely, at least in all that touched her generosity. She had not long resided in the village of Heim, and had seen the meek Gottreich, and listened to some of his springtide sermons, ere she discovered that he had won her heart, filled as it was with the love of virtue; she nevertheless refused to grant him her hand until the conclusion of the great peace, after which they were to be married. She was ever fonder of doing what is difficult than what is easy. I wish that it was here the place to tell of the may-time life they led, which seemed to blossom in the low parsonage-house hard by the church-door under Justa's hand; how she came in the morning from her own cottage, to order matters in the little dwelling for the day; how the evenings were passed in the garden, ornamented with few but pretty flower-beds, and commanding a view of many a well-watered meadow and distant hill, and stars without number; how these three hearts played into one another, no one of which in this most pure and intimate intercourse knew or felt any thing which was not of the fairest; and how good and gay intention marked the passage of their lives. Every bench was a church chair, all was peaceful and holy, and the firmament above an infinite church dome.

In many a village and in many a house a true Eden may be hid, which has neither been named nor marked down; for joy is fond of covering over and concealing her tenderest flowers. Gottreich reposed in such a fulness of bliss and love, of poetry and religion, of springtime, of the past and of the future, that he feared in the bottom of his heart to speak his happiness out, save in prayer. In prayer, thought he, man may say all, his happiness and his misery. His father was very happy also: there came over him a warm old-age, no winter-night, but a summer evening without frost or darkness: albeit the sun of his life was sunk pretty deep below the mound of earth under which his wife was lain down to sleep.

Nothing recalls the close of life to a noble-hearted young man so much as precisely the happiest and fairest hours which he passes. Gottreich, in the midst of the united fragrance and beauty of the flowers of joy, even with the morning-star of life above him, could not but think on the time when the same should appear to him as the evening star, warning him of sleep.—Then said he to himself: "All is now so certain and so clear before me—the beauty and the holiness of life, the splendor of the universe, the Creator, the dignity and the greatness of man's heart, the bright images of eternal truth, the whole starry firmament of ideas, which enlighteus, instructs, and upholds man! But when I am grown old, and in the obstruction of death, will not all that now rustles so bloomingly and livingly about me appear gray and dull? Just when man is approaching that heaven which he has so long contemplated, Death holds the telescope, invested before his dim eye and lets him see only what is empty, distant, shadowy. But is this indeed true? Shall I be more likely to be right when I only feel and think, and hope, with half a life, incapable of a keen glance or an intense sensation,—or am I right now, that my whole heart is warm, that my whole head is clear, and my strength fresh? I acknowledge that the present is the fittest season, and that precisely because I *do* acknowledge it to be the fittest. I will then live through this day-time of truth attentively, and bear it away with me to the evening dusk, that it may lighten my end."

[In the midst of the genial happiness of these three souls, Gottreich hears the spirit-stirring notes of the war-trumpet ("the holy war" of Germany in 1813, '14,) and hastes away with the approbation of the elder Hartmann and of Justa. This episode we regard as a defect; a spot on the sun's surface—the sun shines notwithstanding. The campaign ended, and victory and peace obtained, Gottreich returns home. It was at the coming up of a thunder storm. The tale thus proceeds.]

At last he entered quietly the parsonage-house, and slowly opened the well-known door. The room was empty, but he heard a noise overhead. When he opened the door of his upper chamber, which was filled with a glow from the west, Justa was kneeling before the bed of his father, who, sitting half upright, was looking with a haggard, stiff and bony countenance toward the setting sun before him. A clasp of her loser to her breast, and one exclamation, was all his reception. But his father stretched his wizened hand slowly out, and said with difficulty, "Thou art come at the right time!" without adding whether he spoke of the preachings, or of their separation.

Justa hastily related how the old man had overworked himself, till body and spirit had given way together; so that he no longer took a share in any thing, though he longed to be with the sharers; and how he lay prostrate with broken wings, looking upwards like a needy child.

On a sudden the landscape grew dark, all the winds stood pent, the earth oppressed; then there came a gush of rain and a crash of thunder. The lightning streamed around the old man, and he looked up altered and astonished. "Hist!" said he; "I hear the rain once more;—speak quickly, children, for I shall soon depart."

Both his children clung to him, but he was too weak to embrace them.

And now, as the warm healing springs of the clouds bathed the sick earth, down from the dripping tree to the blades of grass, and as the sky glistened mildly as with a tear of joy, and the thunder went warring away behind the distant mountains, the sick man pointed upwards, and said, "Seest thou the lordliness of God! My son, strengthen now at the last my weary soul with something holy, in the spirit of love, and not of penance; for if our hearts condemn us not, then have we confidence toward God.—Say something rich in love to me of God and of his works."

"Remember in the dark hour those times when thou hast prayed to God in ecstasy, and when thou hast thought on Him—the greatest thought of finite man—the Infinite One!"

Here the old man clasped his hands, and prayed low.

"Hast thou not known and felt the existence of that Being, whose infinity consists not only in his strength, in his wisdom and his eternity, but also in his love and in his justice? Canst thou forget the time when the blue sky by day and the blue sky by night opened on thee, as if the mildness of God was looking down on thee! Hast thou not felt the love of the Infinite, when it veiled itself in its image, in loving hearts of men; as the sun, which casts its light not on our moon alone, for our nights, but on the morning and evening star also, and on every little twinkler, even to the furthest from the earth!

"Remember, in the dark hour, how in the spring of thy life the mounds of earth which bare graves appeared to thee only as the mountain-tops of another far and new world; and how in the midst of the fulness of life thou didst acknowledge the value of death."

"Speak of our Redeemer!" said the father.

"Remember Jesus Christ, in the dark hour,—remember him who also passed through life,—remember that soft Moon of the infinite Sun, given to enlighten the night of the world. Let life be hallowed to thee, and death also, for he shared both of them with thee. May his calm and lofty form look down on thee in the last darkness, and show thee his Father!"

A low roll of thunder was now heard to pass over the dun clouds which the tempest had left, and the setting sun filled the entire vault of heaven with the magnificence of his fire.

"Remember in the last hour, how the heart of man can love. Canst thou forget the love wherewith one heart repays a thousand hearts, and the soul during life is nourished and vivified from another soul, as the oak of a hundred years clings fast to the same spot with its roots, and derives new strength, and sends forth new buds during its hundred springs?"

"Dost thou mean me?" said the father.

"I mean my mother also," replied the son.

Justa wept, when she heard how her lover would console himself in his last hours with the reminiscence of the days of her love; and the father said, but very gently, thinking on his wife,—"To meet again, to meet again!"

"Remember then, in the last hour," continued Gottreich, "that pure being with whom thy life was beautiful and great,—with whom thou hast wept tears of joy, with whom thou hast prayed to God, and in whom God appeared unto thee, in whom thou didst find the first and last heart of love,—and then close thine eyes in peace!"

On a sudden the clouds were cleft into two huge, black mountains, and the deep sun looked forth from between them, as it were out of a valley between buttresses of rock, gazing upon the earth with its joy-glistening eye.

"See!" said the dying man, "what a glare!"

"It is the evening sun, father."

"Ay, this day shall we see one another again!" continued the old man; but he spoke of his wife, who was long since dead.

The son was unable, from his emotion, to paint to his father the blessedness of meeting again upon the earth, which he had that very day enjoyed by anticipation and described upon his journey; or to say to him how it comes, that meeting again is a renewal of love in a better state; and that, if the first meeting was apt to overflow into the future, reminiscence binds the flowers of the present and the fruits of the past upon one stem.

Who could have courage to speak of the joys of earthly meeting to one who seemed to be already in the contemplation of a meeting in heaven!

Startled he asked, "Father, what ails thee;"

"I *do* think thereon in the dark hour; ay, thereon and thereupon again; and death is also beautiful, and the parting in Christ," murmured to himself the old man, as he tried to take Gottreich's hand, which he had not strength to press. It was but the usual nervous snatching of the fingers of the dying. He continued to think that his son was still speaking to him, and said more and more distinctly and emphatically, "O thou blessed God!" until all the other luminaries of life were extinguished, and in his soul there stood nothing but the one sun—God!

At length he raised himself, and stretching out his arm forcibly, exclaimed: "There are three fair rainbows over the evening sun; I must go after the sun, and pass through with him!" He then fell back, and all was over.

At that moment the sun went down, and there glimmered at his setting a broad rainbow in the east.

"He is gone!" said Gottreich to Justa, in a voice choked with grief; "but he is gone from us unto his God, in the midst of great, pious, and unmingled joy; then weep no more, Justa!"

At that moment his own hitherto restrained tears found a vent, and he pressed the dead hand against his face.

It grew dark, and a warm rain distilled gently over the earth. The children left his motionless form alone, and wept more tranquilly for that sun of their love, which, with its pure light, had withdrawn from the clouds and tempests of the world to another dawn.

WRITERS OF HYMNS.

A correspondent of the Christian Reflector calls for a volume on Hymns and Hymn Books, which should give a history of the successive collections, with the influence they exerted on theology, and the reasons of so frequent changes; including brief memoirs of hymn writers, as also the history of separate hymns. In regard to the last particular, he gives some illustrations, of which we copy the following:

Watts wrote his hymns in early life, in the beautiful town of Southampton, a spot in view of the enchanting Isle of Wight. Tradition points out the place, where, just across the channel, that sweet Island presents itself to the enraptured sight, and we are told that here he wrote his hymn, "There is a land of pure delight." The whole hymn derives a fine illustration from the scenery, especially such lines as

There everlasting spring abides,
And never-fading flowers;
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.

Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood,
Stand dressed in living green:
* * * * *
But timorous mortals start and shrink,
To cross this narrow sea.

Equally has tradition added to the interest of the exquisitely beautiful hymn, "How vain are all things here below;" a hymn interesting under any circumstances, for its truthfulness elegantly expressed. But when it is known that the little, nervous, and unprepossessing person, Watts, offered his hand and heart to the elegant and accomplished Miss Singer, afterward Mrs. Rowe, and being told by that lady that though she loved the jewel, she could not admire the casket that held it, he turned away grieved and disappointed, and going to his study, called his piety and genius into exercise to write that hymn, we admire that genius, and especially that piety, more than ever we did before. In more than one instance have we related this fact to persons similar to the worthy Doctor, and have called forth their best feelings into exercise.

THE LIGHT OF NATURE.

The celebrated Mr. Hume wrote an essay on the sufficiency of the light of nature; and the no less celebrated Dr. Robertson wrote on the necessity of revelation and the insufficiency of the light of nature. Hume came one evening to visit Robertson, and the evening was spent on this subject. The friends of both were present, and it is said that Robertson reasoned with unaccustomed clearness and power. Whether Hume was convinced by his reasoning or not, we cannot tell, but at any rate he did not acknowledge his conviction. Hume was very much of a gentleman, and as he rose to depart, bowed politely to those in the room, while as he retired through the door Robertson took the *light* to show him the way. Hume was still facing the door: O, Sir,' said he, 'I find the light of nature always sufficient,' and continued, 'pray don't trouble yourself, sir,' and so he bowed on. The street door opened, and presently as he bowed along the entry, he stumbled over something concealed, and pitched down stairs into the street. Robertson ran after him with a light, and as he held it over him, whispered softly and very cunningly 'you had *better have a little light from above*, friend Hume.' And raising him up, he bade him good night and returned to his friends.

MY NATIVE HOME.

In the summer of 1800, Mr. John Quincy Adams, then minister at Berlin, made an excursion through Silesia, and visited the Giant Mountain, the highest land in Germany. It was the custom for travellers, after they had visited it, to write their names, and some sentiment, in a book kept at a cottage on the side of the mountain.—Mr. Adams was the first American that had ascended this mountain, and he thus describes his sensations:

"Sentiments of devotion, I have always found the first to take possession of the mind on ascending lofty mountains. At the summit of the Giant's head, my first thought was turned to the Supreme Creator who gave existence to all that immensity of objects that expanded before my view. The transition from this idea, to that of my own relation, as an immortal soul, with the author of nature, was natural and immediate: from this to the recollection of my native country, my parents and friends, there was but a single and a sudden step. On returning to the hut, where we had lodged, I wrote the following lines in the book:

"From lands beyond the vast Atlantic tide,
Celestial freedom's most belov'd abode,
Panting, I climb'd the mountain's craggy side,
And view'd the wond'rous works of nature's God.

Where yonder summit, peering to the skies,
Beholds the earth beneath it with disdain,
O'er all the regions round I cast my eyes,
And anxious sought my *native home*—in vain.

As to that native home, which still infolds
Those youthful friendships to my soul so dear,
Still you my parents, in its bosom holds,—
My fancy flew, I felt the starting tear.

Then, in the rustling of the morning wind,
Methought I heard a spirit whisper fair:
'Pilgrim forbear, still upwards raise thy mind,
Look to the skies, thy *native home* is there.'"

LUTHER AND HIS MAID SERVANT.

Luther had a domestic residing in his house by the name of Elizabeth, who in a fit of displeasure left without giving the family any notice. She subsequently fell into habits of immorality, and became dangerously ill. In her sickness she requested a visit from Luther. On taking his seat at her bedside, he said: "Well, Elizabeth, what is the matter!" I desire, she replied, to ask your pardon for leaving your family so abruptly; but I also have something else weighing very heavily on my conscience: I have given my soul away to Satan!—"Why," rejoined Luther, "that's of no great consequence;—what else!" I have, continued she, done many wicked things, but this is what most oppresses me, that I have deliberately sold my poor soul to the devil, and how can such a crime ever find mercy? "Elizabeth, listen to me," rejoined the man of God, "suppose while you lived in my house, you had sold and transferred all my children to a stranger, would the sale or transfer have been lawful and binding!" Oh, no, said the deeply humbled girl, for I had no right to do that. "Very well, you had still less right to give your soul to the arch-enemy; it no more belongs to you than my children do. It is the exclusive property of the Lord Jesus Christ; he made it, and when lost, also redeemed it; it is *his* with all its powers and faculties, and you can't give away or sell what is not yours; if you have attempted it, the whole transaction was unlawful and is entirely void. Now, do you go to our Lord: confess your guilt with a broken heart and a contrite spirit, and entreat him to pardon you and take back again what is wholly his own. And as for the *sin* of attempting to alienate his rightful property, throw that back upon the devil, for that and that alone is his." The girl obeyed, was converted, and died full of faith and hope.

MICROSCOPIC WONDERS.

Upon examining the edge of a very sharp lancet with a microscope, it will appear as broad as the back of a knife; rough, uneven, full of notches and furrows. An exceedingly small needle resembles a rough iron bar.

But the sting of a bee, seen through the same instrument, exhibits every where a most beautiful polish, without the least flaw, blemish or inequality, and it ends in a point too fine to be discerned. The threads of a fine lawn seem coarser than the yarn with which ropes are made for anchors. But a silk-worm's web appears perfectly smooth and shining, and every where equal. The smallest dot, that can be made with a pen, appears irregular and uneven, but the little specks on the wings or bodies of insects are found to be most accurately circular. The finest miniature paintings appear before the microscope ragged and uneven, entirely devoid of beauty, either in the drawing or coloring. The most even and beautiful varnishes will be found to be mere roughness. But the nearer we examine the works of God, even in the least productions, the more sensible shall we be of his wisdom and power. In the numberless species of insects, what proportion, exactness, uniformity and symmetry do we perceive in all organs! what profusion of coloring! azure, green, and vermillion, gold, silver, pearls, rubies, and diamonds, fringe and embroidery, on their bodies, wings, heads and every part! how high the finishing, how inimitable the polish we every where behold.

REV. THEODORE CLAPP.

The oldest Protestant clergyman in New Orleans, is the Rev. Theodore Clapp, a native of Mass., who has been there twenty-six years. He commenced his course as a Presbyterian, but having been censured on the charge of heresy and on other grounds, some years since, he still retained his place of worship and many of his hearers, and now has a large, fashionable congregation. He has only a morning service on the Sabbath.

He is a large, fine-looking man, very amiable and gentlemanly in private life. He has a voice of great flexibility and compass; his action is bold, impassioned and graceful; his figures and illustrations are happy and forcible; he has an exuberance of glowing, poetic and descriptive language, and from these causes, as well as from his having almost uniformly remained in the city when the yellow fever has raged, he has a strong hold on a large circle of warm personal friends and admirers. He has recently returned from Europe, much relieved from the pressure of a dangerous disease from which he had suffered. The friends of truth must sincerely regret that he forsook the brilliant pathway of usefulness pursued by his immediate predecessor, the gifted and eloquent Larned. [N. Y. Evangelist.

CHILDREN, BE PROMPT.

Never say, when told to do anything, "In a minute," or "By-and-by." This leads to a bad habit, which, if not overcome, will prevent all confidence in you as you grow up. You will then put off duties you owe to your neighbor in the same way, and lose his confidence. Many men lose the respect of their neighbors, not so much because they mean to do wrong, as through mere carelessness. By-and-by, and *to-morrow*, have ruined thousands, robbed them of their character, and made them anything but blessings in a neighborhood. Little confidence can be placed in their word, not because they mean to tell falsehoods, but because of their carelessness. No obligation is fulfilled when it should be. And it is sometimes so in their own affairs. They lose days and weeks because business is not attended to when it ought to be. A tool is lost, because not promptly put back when done with. Fulfil promptly every promise made. Put off not an hour.

One anecdote. A little boy borrowed a tool from a neighbor, promising to return it at night. Before evening, he was sent away on an errand, and did not return until late. Before he went he was told that his brothers should see the tool returned. He was much distressed to think his promise was not fulfilled, and was finally persuaded to go to sleep, and rise early and carry it home. By day-light he was up, and nowhere was the tool to be found. After a long and fruitless search, he set off for his neighbor's in great distress to acknowledge his fault. But how great was his surprise to find the tool at his neighbor's door. And it appeared from the prints of little bare feet in the mud, that little Henry had *got up in his sleep* and carried the tool home, and went to bed again, and knew it not. Surely, a boy prompt in his sleep was prompt when awake. He lived respected, had the confidence of his neighbors, and many offices of trust, and died lamented.

Extent of Creation. In a recent lecture in New York, by Dr. Nichol, a celebrated Scotch Astronomer, he stated that light passes through space at the rate of 200,000 miles a second, and that Lord Rosse's famous telescope, with which he was perfectly well acquainted, has the power of penetrating through space so far, that the most distant star which it can reach is at such a vast distance from us, that its light, moving with this inconceivable rapidity, cannot reach us in less than *sixty thousand years!* Multiply the seconds in 60,000 years by 200,000 miles, and you will learn something of the extent of creation.

Superstition and its Fruits. The following act of ignorant superstition was committed a few days ago at Amsterdam. A country girl in the service of a baker had joined the sect called "Pietistes," some of the members of which assured her that she possessed the "Divine essence," and therefore was invulnerable. Fully believing this herself she asserted it to her fellow-servants, and, to convince them, thrust her right hand into the blazing oven, but in a few seconds her hand was so severely burnt that she will be deprived of the use of it for the rest of her life. [Galignani.

A Pilgrim says the fable, met the plague going into Smyrna.

"What are you going for!"

"To kill 3,000 people," answered the plague. Some time after they met again.

"But you killed "30,000," said the pilgrim.

"No!" answered the plague, "I killed but 3,000—*It was fear killed the rest.*"

Presumption. A religious professor, of Antinomian sentiments, boasting to Rowland Hill that he had not felt a doubt of his safety for many years, was answered by Mr. Hill, "Then, sir, give me leave to doubt for you."

ORCHARD HILL FAMILY BOARDING SCHOOL. Mr and Mrs Mack, formerly of Cambridge, on the Monday after Thanksgiving, the 29th inst. propose to open their Boarding School in a new house planned and furnished expressly for the accommodation of twelve pupils. Their course of instruction will embrace the Ancient and Modern Languages, and the English branches usually pursued in Academies.

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Nov. 13th, 1847. oslY jan29

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